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OPINIONS

OF

DISTINGUISHED STATESMEN, CITIZENS, WRITERS AND TRAVELERS:

Ex-President R. B. Hayes : We shall always remember our visit to Monterey as one of the most agreeable episodes of our lives. We shall never forget that lovely hotel among the trees and flowers—and the climate : it was a perfect summer's day on the verge of winter.

General W. T. Sherman : I consider Monterey, with its Hotel del Monte, the most delightful place I have ever visited.

From the Princess Louise to the Manager of the Hotel del Monte : You have the most beautiful place and the cleanest and best kept hotel that I have ever visited in my travels. [Lord Lorne also expressed himself in about the same terms, and said that he was greatly pleased with his visit to Monterey.]

John W. Mackay : There is nothing in Europe that can at all compare with it.

Hon. P. Deuster, of Milwaukee : I consider it incomparable in all respects.

Governor Fenton, of New York : I can only picture Monterey and its delightful hotel and grounds as a paradise.

Lawrence Barrett : I have just returned from Paris, cracked up, you know, for the excellency of its coffee, but I have never in my life tasted such an inviting early breakfast as I had while at the Hotel del Monte.

Paul Oeker, in N. Y. Staats-Zeitung : There is no doubt about its superiority over all Italian or Floridian resorts as a sanitarium.

Correspondent of the Boston Home Journal : The Hotel del Monte is the most beautiful hotel I ever saw. I can see one hundred acres of lawn and flowers from my open window ; while the air is fragrant with the perfume of roses, violets, heliotropes and other flowers.

A. J. O. in Boston Transcript : My pen fails me here in this entrancing spot, and I can only hint at its grandeur and beauty.

Hartford Evening Post : It is simply a miracle of beauty. Everything that refined taste can suggest, or that wealth, aided by nature and art, can secure, is here to add to the charms of this delightful spot.

Manchester (N. H.) Mirror : The half had not been told us of this famous resort.

Jno. J. Powell, English Traveler : There is no place on the Pacific Coast more replete with natural charms than Monterey. The Hotel del Monte is one of the most elegant watering-place establishments in the world.

Dr. C. B. Currier in N. Y. Medical Times : As a winter resort, it is simply incomparable. * * * Its "Hotel del Monte" is not excelled, if equaled, in regard to magnificence, elegance, and comfort, by any hotel in Europe or America.

Correspondent (London) Anglo-American Times : Monterey stands at the head of the list, and may be justly termed the "Queen of American Watering-places."

James Charlton, G. P. and T. Agent Ch & Alton R. R. : It exceeds all praise and my highest expectation. I shall never forget the beautiful Del Monte, its lovely and tasteful surroundings; the sea drive with its invigorating breeze; the odors of the pine grove; the charm of the cypress grove, and other glories and attractions of the place.

N. H. Chittenden, the Traveler : Monterey presents a combination of attractions and advantages unequalled by any other seaside resort in the world.

Correspondent (Philadelphia) Medical and Surgical Reporter : Of the many Pacific Coast resorts, I consider that Monterey stands at the head of the list.

A. McNally, of Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago. I consider the Hotel del Monte, at Monterey, the *ne plus ultra* of all things in its line ; while the reasonableness of its charges greatly surprised me. Its grounds cast all other like accessories in the shade.

H. R. Hobart, Editor Chicago Railway Age : It is well called "the queen of watering-places." In beauty of surroundings, elegance of finish and appointment and completeness of architectural effect, the Del Monte, as a resort for health and pleasure, is not equaled on the continent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

STEAMERS OF THIS COMPANY WILL SAIL FROM BROADWAY WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO, FOR PORTS IN

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BRITISH COLUMBIA,

AND ALASKA, AS

FOLLOWS:

California Southern Coast Route.—The Steamer SANTA ROSA sails at 2 p. m., and ORIZABA 9 a. m., for San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and San Diego, as follows: On the 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 25th and 30th of each month.

The Steamers LOS ANGELES and EUREKA sail for Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Gaviota, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Huenceme and San Pedro, as follows: At 8 a. m. on the 2d, 7th, 12th, 17th, 22d and 27th of each month.

Alaska Route.—The Steamship IDAHO sails from Portland, Oregon, on or about the first of each month, for Port Townsend, W. T., Victoria and Nanaimo, B. C., Fort Wrangle, Sitka, Juneau, and other ports in Alaska, connecting at Port Townsend with the first steamer sailing from San Francisco each month for Victoria and Puget Sound.

Victoria and Puget Sound Route.—Steamships carrying Her Britannic Majesty's mails sail from Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, at 10 a. m. for Victoria, B. C., Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, connecting with steamers for Alaska as above, and with steamboats, etc., for Skagit River and Cassiar Mines, Nanaimo, New Westminster, Yale, and all other important points, every 8th day.

Portland and Oregon Route.—The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, will dispatch one of their steamers from Spear Street Wharf, San Francisco, at 10 a. m., for Astoria and Portland, Oregon, every 5th day.

For steamers carrying combustibles, see advertisements in the San Francisco Guide.

Eureka and Humboldt Bay Route.—Steamer CITY OF CHESTER sails from Vallejo Street Wharf, San Francisco, every Wednesday at 9 a. m., for Eureka, Arcata and Hookton (Humboldt Bay). Returning leaves Eureka Saturdays at high tide.

Point Arena and Mendocino Route.—Steamer YAQUINA sails from Vallejo Street Wharf, San Francisco, at 3 p. m., every Monday, for Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Little River, Mendocino, Whitesboro, Noyo and Fort Bragg. Returning, arrives at San Francisco Saturdays.

For movements of Freight Boats, see the San Francisco Guide.

EMIGRANTS AND TOURISTS:

There is a great demand for laborers to work on the railroads in Oregon, Washington Territory and British Columbia. The new and rich Gold and Silver Mines in Sitka and British Columbia, are attracting thousands of people.

Santa Cruz is a lovely town and a popular watering-place. It is only about eight hours' ride from San Francisco. Monterey is the old capital of the state, and is celebrated for its old adobe buildings, the Mission, the Methodists' camping grounds, and many other noted things and places.

Tourists in search of pleasure, and invalids in search of health, will find no country that can supply their wants as can Southern California. The medicinal virtues of Paso Robles Hot Springs are universally acknowledged.

For rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, liver complaint, impure blood, etc., they have no rival in the world.

Santa Barbara and Santa Monica are celebrated watering-places. The fame of the orange groves of Los Angeles is world-wide. The consumptive who sojourns in San Diego takes a new lease of life.

Rates of Fare, which include meals and sleeping accommodations, are lower by this than by any other route. Through tickets to all the principal places on the coast. Stages and railroads make close connection with steamers for all the principal places in the interior.

For further information in regard to Tickets, call at the

TICKET OFFICE, 214 MONTGOMERY ST., Opposite the Russ House.

D. B. JACKSON, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

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Sealskin Sacques, Sealskin Dolmans, Sealskin Mantillas,

RICH FUR RUGS, RARE SKINS, FUR NOVELTIES.

Situated as they are, in the distributing centre of the world's greatest fur producing districts, and having their own vessels constantly employed in hunting and trading, Messrs H. Liebes & Co. obtain their goods AT FIRST COST, and are able to sell at fully

FORTY PER CENT. LESS THAN EASTERN PRICES.

☞ All Visitors whether purchasers or not will be cordially received. ☞

DEL MONTE WAVE.

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10 Cents.

DIVORCED ON THE DESERT.

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN.

[CONTINUED FROM THE LAST NUMBER.]

[The substance of this story thus far presents to the reader a man and wife and their daughter, who had set out from Iowa for California during the early days of the gold excitement. It gives the pedigree of the parents, and relates how they quarreled at the intersection of the Carson and Lassen trails, and how they separated at that point upon the Humboldt Desert, the husband taking the Lassen trail and the wife and daughter the Carson. Each party is then traced, the husband until he comes up with a caravan bound for Oregon, in camp at some hot springs near the margin of Honey Lake, within view of Lassen's peaks, on the evening of the fifth day after the separation. Lassen's peaks are described and also the further pilgrimage of Hathaway until he arrives, in company with five trappers and hunters, at Surprise Valley, a few days after their departure from Honey Lake. Mount Shasta is also described, and the country round about, including the Sacramento, Pit and McCloud rivers, also Strawberry Valley, Sisson's and the Oregon Division of the Central Pacific Railroad. The ascent of Shasta is presented in an entertaining way. Chapter III. then opens, and Mrs. Hathaway and her daughter are found in camp at a pretty place on the old Johnson trail, on the margin of Lake Tahoe, near the mouth of the Little Truckee River. Then follows a description of Lake Tahoe and the majestic mountains which lift up their hoary summits thousands of feet above it. The enchanting scenery all around, the summer and autumn sunsets, the violet heavens, the threads of melody of leaf-hid bird, the rocky glen, the pale young moon, the stillness of night, and much other delicious detail is entered into and faithfully and vividly delineated, including a hailstorm of ravishing beauty. Then follow descriptions of Donner, Independence and Webber Lakes, and other smaller bodies which seem to be set in the castellated Sierra like gems in a diadem. Chapter IV. starts out with an account of Hathaway's encounter with a bear, in which he received injuries. New characters are introduced among which is Hill Beechey, a hotel-keeper at a place called Lewiston, Idaho Territory; also Lloyd Magruder a successful trader. Hill Beechey has a significant dream. A plot is planned to kill and rob Magruder. Hathaway's life is also threatened. Magruder and his companions killed. His murderers arrested, convicted and executed. Hathaway makes a narrow escape. Shortly after the tragic termination of the careers of the murderers of Magruder and his friends there sprung up a hostility against Hathaway for the part he had taken during the trial of the aforesaid desperadoes, and he felt forced to leave Lewiston (Idaho) and we next find him, two or three years afterwards, a deputy sheriff of Nevada county, (California) and the hero of the day, on the 15th of May, 1866, he having accomplished the daring act of killing three stage robbers and receiving therefor a reward of three thousand dollars and an appointment on Governor Low's Staff, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel "for meritorious service in the field." Chapter VI. opens with a description of the commencement of Mrs. Hathaway's trip across the Sierra Nevada mountains, and also presents a graphic account of the fate of the Donner Party, a tragic episode of the winter of 1846-7, in which, out of eighty men, women and children, thirty-seven perished. This chapter ends with a description of the progress of the caravan of which Mrs. Hathaway and her daughter were members; its arrival at Placerville and Sacramento; Mrs. Hathaway's disappointment in not meeting her husband; her many years of successes thereafter; the marriage of her daughter, and the birth of a child of the latter. It also presents a graphic description of the life of General Sutter, the grand old pioneer, who first landed in California in 1839. Chapter VII. again introduces the reader to Hathaway, who had lost his three thousand dollars in a mining enterprise in Nevada, and who had drifted back into northern California, and afterward attempted to get another stake in Oregon and

Washington Territory. Like the "Wandering Jew" Hathaway had kept on moving, and on the 29th day of July, 1871, he embarked from Victoria on the steamer "Fideliter," *en route* for Alaska in the employ of the American Fur Seal Company. The author, who was on the same vessel at the time, takes the reader up what is termed the "inside route" from Victoria to Sitka, one of the most charming trips by sea in the world, and graphically describes the rivers, islands, bays, mountains, glaciers, Indians, and all other interesting things along this most picturesque route.]

CHAPTER VIII.

After a fine entertainment and ball given us by General Jeff. C. Davis, at which were present a large number of officers and their ladies, we bade adieu to Sitka, and, on the 11th of August, started for Nutchuck, or Fort Constitution, on Prince William Sound, 450 miles away, at which place we arrived on the 14th.

We staid all night at Nutchuck. This island contains 270 Kodiakers—a high order of Indians, or a low order of Aleuts—divided into eight tribes, each tribe having a chief, who brought out his people and introduced them one by one, (reminding me of committees calling upon the President), to each of whom we gave a stick of candy or a cigar, either of which is considered a gift of munificence, and for which we received the well-known old God-bless-you, so often and so liberally bestowed by the Italian mendicants and the curbstome merchants of New York.

To this point the Copper River Indians come to trade. These Indians are the bravest and most athletic savages in Alaska, and have always made successful war upon any and all Indians who have had the temerity to penetrate their country, and are only at peace with the tribes at Nutchuck.

On the 14th we left Nutchuck for Lower Kany, 210 miles. Owing to a strong head wind and never ceasing fog, (and that is a peculiarity of the climate in this section of the northern waters—that dense fogs prevail during the prevalence of very strong winds), we did not arrive at Lower Kany until the evening of the 17th. This point of land is the most southern extremity of Cook's inlet, and is known as the place where the Russians expended half a million of dollars in developing coal mines, which proved a failure, as the coal contained less than ten per cent. of steam, and would exhaust itself as fast as it could be put under a boiler. At this point was wrecked, a short time before, a Government transport, with a company of troops on board and a year's supply of clothing and provisions. A large amount of lumber and a number of wagons, and a lot of mules were also lost. The troops were saved by a trading vessel which happened to be cruising off that point, and taken to Kodiak. From Lower Kany to Upper Kany it is 80 miles. We left the former place upon the morning of the 18th, and arrived at the latter point at 3 o'clock in the evening, making the run in seven hours.

Upper Kany is the most northern post on the waters of the Pacific, and is the coldest place in winter and the warmest during summer. The Indians here are honest and generous people, and, with a few vegetables they raise; salmon, which here are very fine; and game, which abounds on the main land of Alaska; deer, reindeer, grouse and many other smaller animals, the people manage to live exceedingly well. It is at this point that a number of old miners and explorers had been making a great effort to find precious metals, but only very small specimens of gold, iron and lead had been discovered. From Upper Kany to Kodiak, at which place we arrived on the 20th of August, and the most northern and largest of the Aleutian islands, it is about 200 miles.

Kodiak is the only island, except the small ones contiguous to it, (Woody and Afgnock islands), which has any timber or growth of wood whatever. All the others, from Kodiak to the Siberian coast, are entirely destitute of any vegetation, except grass and such small gardens of potatoes and turnips as the natives plant. Woody island, about two miles from Kodiak, or St. Paul harbor, as the town or settlement is called, used to furnish most of the ice for the Pacific coast. The ice company of San Francisco, at the transfer of Alaska to the United States, purchased the ice houses and other buildings, and all the paraphernalia for the prosecution of the ice business, pre-empted Woody's island by building a fence around it, and also all the ice ponds upon Afgnock island adjoining. Formerly the Russians collected the ice and sold it to the ice company at so much per ton delivered on board their vessels. The Russians never

allowed outside parties to have any control of their people; or, in other words, they owned and controlled every interest in the country. The codfish are so abundant at Kodiak that every day in the year they are caught, which is the case in no other part of the world. The natives go fishing every morning for the day's supply as regularly as a farmer goes to his pork or beef barrel. At Kodiak there were two companies of troops, the company which was wrecked at Kany and the company intended to be stationed thereon, all under the command of Colonel Tidball. The troops, the ice company, and the numerous traders and army followers, which had centered here, made it quite a lively place. The weather is about the same as at Sitka, although at times in the summer the sun shines very hot, and not unfrequently the natives could be seen carrying umbrellas to protect them from the excessive heat.

Going south from Kodiak the first harbor is Unga. On the lower end of the island of Unga, the largest of the Schoomagin group, are the great codfish banks of Alaska. I counted as many as thirty vessels at anchor and their crews fishing over the guards for codfish, no trouble being experienced in obtaining a schooner full in a very few days. While we were here one vessel took 180,000 cod in six days. The weather is so damp, however, that the fish are salted and taken to California to be dried. Unga, which is 300 miles from Kodiak, has about 150 Aleuts, who have made themselves comfortable by hunting sea otter. Their houses are adobe, and generally dirty at this place. There is quite a handsome church here, under the charge of a native Aleut, who reads the Greek service Sundays and holy days. Here we obtained a good supply of hens' eggs and as many gulls' eggs as we wished. The number of gulls on the rocks at the entrance to the harbor is astonishing, and beyond all calculation. The eggs taste good to those who have a happy imagination or who are very hungry. The water is considered the best in the country, retaining its freshness a long time at sea. At the upper end of this island the Russians made another failure in their attempt to develop the coal interests. Although the coal is of a better quality than at Kany, the quantity would not justify an attempt to get a supply. Just north of the Schoomagin island is the island of Okarmook, the penal reservation of the country under the Russians. Aleuts, Indians, and cross breeds were sent there for punishment. Some forty were left there by the Russians, and existed by killing rats or a species of ground squirrel, the skin of which they manufactured into garments, which were exchanged for the necessities of life by traders. These garments were in turn sold to the Indians of the main land and colder regions.

Mount St. Elias, said to be 16,000 feet in height, may be seen in all its magnificent proportions from the Schoomagin islands, and also Mount Chiginagark, with an altitude of 17,000 feet. Upon a clear morning may be observed columns of blue smoke issuing from the tops of these mountains, which may be seen plainly two hundred miles away, so clear and ultra-marine is the atmosphere.

The Indians hereabouts are great tea-drinkers. Their mode of sweetening the beverage is to place the sugar on the tongue and suck the drink through their teeth. On special occasions they drink beer manufactured from roots and brown sugar. Their meats and vegetables are cooked in whale or seal oil, the latter constituting the butter for their bread. In conversation with them you address the chief, who, in turn, addresses his tribe, who alike signify their agreeableness or disapprobation by a grunt.

From Unga to Ounalaska it is 300 miles, entering the Behring sea through Acutan pass, the harbor being on Behring sea side, and is considered the best in Alaska, and has for a long time been visited by the Arctic whalers, as a watering place. The settlement, situated on a peninsula between a beautiful mountain stream and the ocean, which is nearly of horse-shoe shape, has a decidedly romantic appearance. Here the natives' houses are adobes, but are clean, and have an air of comfort not to be found at any other place. As at Unga and all of the Aleutian islands, the people live by hunting sea otter, the islands furnishing no other fur except a few inferior foxes. Horned cattle and sheep thrive on these islands, the priest at Ounalaska being the proprietor of about twelve head of cattle, as fat and as sleek as any I had ever seen in Southern California. There is a cave near the village, where we found skulls of enormous size in a perfect state of preservation, with teeth in both jaws. The skulls were very thick and strong, having no apparent thin spot, but a solid bone; even the nose was bone, showing that the place had been inhabited by a different and larger race than that of the present day. The canoes, or boats, called bidarkars, are all made of the skin of seal, are very light, and from twelve to twenty-five feet long, and from eighteen to thirty inches wide, coming to a point at both ends, with from one to three hatches or holes, into which the native sticks his legs and sits on the bottom, and with his water-proof garment, made from the membrane of the seal, which is very light, weighing less than two ounces, completely covering him, except his face and hands, and tied around the top of the hatch, he goes through waves and surf, and sits in the rain all day, and comes out dry. From six to seventy-five of these bidarkars, manned with three men each, form a sea otter hunting party; these parties, made up from the most able-bodied of the males, start out in the spring with provisions, etc., for a three months' hunt. When a party is

ready to start, the priest, if any, if not, the person who can read church service, and acting as priest, goes down to the water, blesses it and sprinkles each hunter with it by dipping a brush into the ocean, and shaking it over him. The people subsequently join in prayer; then a collation, such as they can afford, is served, then dancing and kissing takes place, and amid vociferations of joy and grief the party get off for their three months' hunt. All of the other labor is performed by the women, as in other Indian countries.

From Ounalaska to the Seal islands, 800 miles from Kodiak, and where we arrived on the 27th, it is some 235 miles. These small islands, known as the Pribolor group, hundreds of miles away from any other land, and almost always enveloped in a dense fog, are the favorite resort of the fur seal. Having been driven by the ruthless hunter from all other islands in the known world, they sought refuge here and had found protection;—first from the Russian Government, and, subsequently, from our own.

Long before reaching the islands, and sometimes hours before seeing them, one gets the stench and hears the fearful roaring of millions of these ponderous and clumsy, yet sagacious animals.

St. Paul, the principal and most important of these islands, is small and irregularly-shaped, and is about sixteen miles long, and five miles wide, running lengthwise nearly east and west. The seals haul up only on the southern side, and at difficult points, where the shore is bold and rocky. And, although they sometimes haul up in millions, they never occupy more than forty or fifty acres of land. The peculiar habits of this animal were most minutely and admirably described by Captain Charles Bryant in a report to the Secretary of the Treasury some years ago. Captain Bryant spent most of the summer of 1869 on St. Paul island, and, according to his instructions, devoted his entire time to the study of the seal.

The seals had inhabited these islands, and had been captured for their furs by the Russian Fur Company for seventy years; at one time by their eagerness they nearly exterminated them, but by careful management for the last thirty years of their operations they secured annually a large number without detriment to the supply. These animals have come regularly for a great many years. One old fellow, peculiarly marked, has been known to locate on the same rock for twenty years. About the 1st of May a reconnoitering party, consisting of a few old males, may be seen examining the shore; if all is right they disappear for a few days, and then return, accompanied by a few hundreds of full-grown animals; these at once haul up on the rocks and locate for the season. The full-grown animals continue to arrive until hundreds of thousands can be seen, and are followed by the four and five-year old males, who are more active, and spend much of their time in the water. This size is followed by the younger males, one, two and three years old, which come on land and are guarded over by the old males, who never fail to give warning on the approach of danger, at which the young splash into the sea. The full-grown seal weighs about half a ton, and from that size, graduated down to the two-year old, which averages about 150 or 200 pounds. About the first of June the females arrive; these immediately go on land and have their young, and are seized upon by the old males, who huddle them together as fast as secured, some old fellows, Mormon-like, having as many as hundreds of wives. The mothers nurse their young every two or three days, until just before their departure for the winter, when they coax them into the water and teach them to swim. The mode of driving or getting the animals up from the beach, and separating the two and three-year old (or desirable size for their furs) from the others, is the most frightful and animated scene I have ever witnessed. A half a dozen or more natives, each armed with a seven-foot club, go to the leeward, crawl along the water's edge between the water and the seal, until they have cut off as many as they can drive, then raise up, and in the same manner as urging forward hogs, drive and fall back, and dodge about, knocking down by a skillful blow, which stuns but does not injure permanently, the old bulls, until the little ones are away from the rookeries, when one man and a boy or two can drive thousands. They are driven very slowly, from a half to two miles an hour, to the salt houses, where they are allowed to rest and cool off before being killed, which is done by huddling together fifty or a hundred, and running around them until their hind flippers are tangled together, so they cannot spring at the man when he reaches over and knocks the desirable ones on the nose a very slight blow; if on the end of the nose, killing the animal instantly. Usually, about one-fifth of the number driven up are killed, and the balance allowed to return to the water. The skins are then taken off and salted; the women and children cut the fat from the carcass, and throw it into vats for the future manufacture of oil. If the seals are too frequently driven from the same rookery, they become alarmed and hunt for a more quiet resting-place. Conflicting interests upon these few acres would keep them constantly agitated, and soon frighten them from the islands and from our waters. The natives are more jealous of the manner of killing than of the number killed. These people were born on the islands, and but few of them have been beyond their limits, and consider the islands their homes, and sealing, which they alone understand, as their lawful business. The animal leaves in the fall, the female and pups going first;

then the two and three-year-old, then the four and five-year-old, and last, the old bulls, who have been from three to five months on land without eating anything whatever during that time; in fact, it is not known that any of the seals eat during their stay in these waters. I have seen thousands of stomachs opened, and have been unable to discover any appearance of food except a glutinous substance. Some seven miles from the Seal islands is a very small island where walrus or sea elephant haul up from the sea; they are not numerous, however, and have not been disturbed for many years, except, occasionally, one or two by adventurers. We killed two, and in each of their stomachs found at least two bushels of clams. These animals have been found along the coast, on the mainland at and near Bristol bay, where they are killed for their tusks and oil.

From St. Paul island to Norton sound is about eight hundred miles. St. Michael's station is on the main land; here it is very cold and dreary at all times, and it is nearly all daytime during the summer and continual night through the winter. The natives at St. Michael's are Esquimaux Indians, using dogs and reindeer to draw their sledges, and dress mostly in furs. From this point we passed up through Behring straits, and could plainly see the Asiatic coast. The highest point we reached was Kotzebue's sound, where we found nothing of interest; the country is almost a dead level, and has a marshy appearance as far as the eye could reach. From here we proceeded along down the coast to Bristol bay and Naschaka river, where the salmon are considered to be the best in the world, but not as abundant as at many other places in and about Cook's inlet. At Bristol bay the natives are very ingenious, carving from walrus ivory the most beautiful descriptions of cups, spoons, rules, rings, images, thimbles, and various toys. From here we proceeded again to Ounalaska, met with a hearty welcome from the natives, got provisions and a supply of fresh water, and sailed for San Francisco, the whole excursion lasting about three months. We met General Thomas and staff at Kodiak on our return, and Mr. Seward and party at Sitka.

During this trip I took great pains to inquire—of remaining Russian officials, and others, “native and to the manner born”—into the nature of the fur seal; and discovered, beyond all doubts, that a check, such as is placed upon its capture by a company, bound by Governmental stipulations such as is the Alaska Fur Seal Company, is the only safeguard against its utter extermination or permanent flight. As it is, there is no diminution of the animals; the market is perfectly supplied, and our Government receives a handsome revenue annually from an agency that honorably pursues its work according to the terms and condition of its contract and agreement.

And, to conclude the chapter, I must inform the reader that “Old Hathaway,” as Andrew was now generally called, remained in Alaska as an employee of the Fur Company for many years.

(To be continued.)

TO TOURISTS AND STRANGERS.

The following notice may prove of value to tourists and strangers traveling in California:

Philip A. Roach, administrator of the estate of Thomas H. Blythe, to-day filed with Judge Coffey, for future reference, the following statement:

“On Saturday, Feb. 25, 1888, at 2:30 P. M., the remains of Thomas H. Blythe, who died in this city April 4th, 1883, were taken from the receiving vault in Masonic Cemetery and placed in the lot of ground belonging to the estate in said cemetery.

“On opening the casket the body was found to be in a fine state of preservation, and was recognized by several persons present as being that of Thomas H. Blythe.

“The attorneys of the various claimants were notified to be present, but only the following appeared: J. W. Holladay, G. W. Towle, J. W. Nolin and A. R. Colton. There were also present M. S. Jeffers and L. H. Varney, old friends of the deceased; also Florence Blythe with her mother and grandparents, Alice Dickason and William Savage, claimants; also William H. Porter, embalmer of the body in 1883. The vault was closed with three heavy granite slabs laid in cement by the contractor, William Mathews.”

Mr. Wm. H. Porter, embalmer, can be found at 116 Eddy street, San Francisco. Telegraph orders receive prompt attention.

No tourist ever leaves San Francisco without visiting Taber's famous Photograph Gallery, No. 8 Montgomery street. The reputation of this establishment is known all over the world. The exquisite work it turns out has been admired in almost every clime nature has produced. It is admitted that for accuracy, artistic posing of the subject, and elaborate finish, these photographs have no equal. An album of Taber's views of Pacific Coast scenery and objects of interest, interspersed with pictures of the eminent men and women who have been photographed at this great gallery, would constitute one of the most interesting books which could be placed on a reception parlor table to amuse the guests. Those who wish to obtain satisfactory photographs should go to Taber.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS.—III.

BY THE GENIAL POET OF CYPRESS POINT.

Just as congenial as when you heard from me last. Madame and balance of family all well and generally “kicking.” There has never been such a beautiful summer at Cypress Point, and there has never been so many people on the road. I was up at Pacific Grove during the Chautauqua, and was called upon to recite a poem, and wrote and delivered the following:

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

Through all the gathering mists of age,
One scene and season lingers yet—
The first enstamped on memory's page—
The last I ever can forget;
'Twas when the orb of day declined,
Beneath the many-colored west,
I'd seek my mother's knee, and find
Upon her bosom perfect rest;
And when the stars began to shine
From out the ether, blue and deep,
Repeat the prayer whose opening line
Was, “Now I lay me down to sleep.”

Oh! childhood hours—how calm, how bright;
How like a dream they passed away!
That mother sank to sleep one night
And woke in everlasting day!
Then manhood, with its perils, came—
Its high-wrought hopes, its vague desires;
Ambition's fervid, quenchless flame,
And passion's baleful furnace fires;
But oft the thought had power to sway,
Amid temptations fierce and deep—
If thus I sin, how can I say,
“I pray the Lord my soul to keep.”

Around us flit, on silent wing,
The viewless messengers of death;
Where health is now, an hour may bring
The burning brow and fevered breath;
Alas! how many sparkling eyes
That close to-night on scenes of mirth
Before another morn shall rise
Shall look their last on things of earth!
I know, ere morning dawns for me,
The silver cord of life may break;
Oh! Father, take me home to Thee
“If I should die before I wake.”

For “earth to earth and dust to dust”
Must soon be chanted o'er our sod;
And for the rest, we can but trust
The ever-living Father, God!
Oh! welcome, faith! with what delight
We near the river deep and wide,
When friends we love, with forms of light,
Are waiting on the other side!
When life's low tide is ebbing fast,
And sense and thought their throne forsake,
Be, then, by earliest prayer my last,
“I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

When you were a gentle youth, dear WAVE, did you ever go to school to a crazy schoolmaster? No? Well, I did, then. It was said of him, that he had been in love with a girl in Ingeana, and, oh! what a divine creature she was, to be sure. She used to scrub her mother's kitchen floor so much that one day she fell through into the cellar. I may as well remark, right here, that this muscular Madonna had a sister. Yes, sir; she had a sister; and when it became necessary to tell one anything, it was also necessary to tell the other. Cause, why? They were so much alike, they could not be told apart. Well, one of these sisters—the scrub(ber) before mentioned—threw off on the pedagogue above alluded to, and he got cracked, and came to Cypress Point many years ago to teach the young idea how to shoot—beans and spitballs. He used to get awfully mad with us roosters, and when he wished to visit us with condign punishment, he would make us sit with the girls. Oh, dear me, how often Peanuts Blair (he's in jail, now, for bigamy) used to catch the condign. I can hear that old crazy cuss (he's dead now) go for Peanuts:

Old teacher Brown brought his ferule down;
His face was angry and red;
“Peanuts Blair! go sit you there
Among the girls!” he said.

So Peanuts Blair, with a mortified air,
And his head hung down on his breast,
Went right away, and sat all day
With the girl that he loved best.

I notice by late eastern papers that a Methodist conference in Brooklyn has declared against tobacco. Now, sir, I have always been a Methodist. I have always been one of the good old psalm singing, amen,

Methodists; and, somehow or other, I've never lost my grip on the old school. But when they tell me I must quit tobacco—me, an old man, with an old homespun woman that I'm proud of, and three likely boys and a stand off of as many tarnation good-looking girls—then I'm in for open rebellion. I'd as leave do without the old woman as without my tobacco. Tobacco! God bless the plant! It is the mainstay if not the sheet anchor of many a brooding spirit. How many of us, indeed, have not experienced occasions when our only "solace" bore the imprint of a Lorillard or an Anderson. At many a camp-meeting the pipe of peace has driven away the gloomy thought of a more dismal future, and the saliva-producing cud of fine cut has time and again relieved the monotonous chewing of the cud of misery. For seventy-three years my life has been spared, by the God of Abraham and Isaac, and also of Jacob and—Tobacco. Every morning, when I thank the beneficent Creator for all of his good works, I devote a few minutes in thanksgiving for the seasons, for the rain, (even if there is a drouth,) and for the divine origin and uninterrupted perpetuation of that glorious plant—Tobacco. In the preservation of my teeth, it has been a means of grace. I once quit it (when I was courting the old woman) and I lost two charming incisors and a stupendous molar. Then I (after capturing the old woman) resumed the delectable process of mastication in the direction of the weed. Those who are opposed to tobacco may *eschew* it—for my part I *choose* to *chew*.

I have incidentally spoken of my three daughters. They are considered pretty good looking, are healthy, and not gifted, like young city girls, with too much gab. One of your Pacific Grove gentlemen is a little spoony on the youngest, who is a school teacher of sweet sixteen (multiplied by two,) and is a great favorite at the Point. He often calls at my house. Indeed it was only—

The other night he came to see
The prettiest girl in town;
Her eyes are blue, and smiling, too,
Her hair is curly brown.

[I watched the performances of that young grocery clerk for some time, and particularly when he]

Took her pretty little hand
In his own, to draw her near;
When, with a pout, she stammered out,
"Oh! don't! my father's queer."

[That youth squeezed and manipulated until I began to get alarmed. But]

At last he rose to bid adieu;
"How fast," he said, "the moments glide,
When some sweet overskirt of blue
Is seated at your side."

[Then he fooled around the door for nearly an hour. And]

Then the rascal begged a kiss,
His lonely way to cheer;
"Oh! no! It would not do," she said,
"You know the old man's queer."

[I was just on the point of acting indiscreetly, when, of course,]

The rascal stole the tempting prize,
As honey steals the bee;
Ah! sweet as early flowers are lips
Of maids as fair as she.

[Then the artful (or artless) little beauty—I shall never forget it—]

Blushed and sighed, then murmured low,
So that I scarce could hear:
"You'd better put that back again;
Because—my daddy's queer."

My dear WAVE: One of my boys attends school at Pacific Grove, and I understand he does not seem very encouraging to the pretty school ma'am at that place, who, after taking a good deal of pains with him in geography, asked him what a "straight" was, and heard him answer that a "straight beat two pairs." I can assure you upon the honor of a sheep herder, that I—well, that youth will hear from his father anon, and so will the WAVE.

PHYSICIAN FOR DEL MONTE AND EL CARMELO.

Dr. John W. Hood of Monterey has been appointed Health Officer by the Trustees of that city, and the appointment seems to give general satisfaction. Dr. Hood is the only physician having telephonic communication with the Hotels del Monte and El Carmelo, where he can be summoned at any hour, day or night.

DR. LORYEA'S

New Hammam, 218 Post Street, between Dupont and Stockton, San Francisco, is the finest Turkish, Russian, Electric and Medicated bath-house in that city. Single bath, one dollar. Twelve tickets for ten dollars. Open day and night, Sundays included. Newly-fitted Department for Ladies.

WAVE POETRY—ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

"ST. MARY'S BY THE SEA."

"St. Mary's by the Sea," a little church,
Hid in the shadow of a mighty tree,
With steeple scarcely higher than its branches,
Its steps kissed by the surging sea.
Just one year ago—do you remember?
I loved you—you loved me—
At least I thought so, and you said you did,
At "St. Mary's by the Sea."

I thought you were fairer, much fairer,
Than the daintiest rose that grew;
I thought your eyes were lovelier, far lovelier,
Than heaven's azure blue.
And it's only a year since I called you mine,
And our hearts and eyes—they danced with glee—
Why, we even figured on a little cottage, close to
"St. Mary's by the Sea."

Let me think! Did I compare you to St. Mary,
Whose modesty and virtues poets sing?
I know I must have whispered lots of nonsense
When you kissed me and I slipped the ring
On your dainty finger, and you promised
All your life you would be true to me—
You remember, I said "I guess the world is mine!"
At "St. Mary's by the Sea."

So you're married! Well, well! And here, to while away
The summer months with him.
I never thought you'd do it; well, it proves again
That all women are as false as sin.
You heard that I was, too? Well, I am—
She'll be down next week to summer here with me.
Come, let me kiss you once in memory of a pleasant dream
At "St. Mary's by the Sea."

SONG.

O love, come out on the sea-girt sands
Where the strong sea clings with crystal hands;
For the ebon pinions of night are stayed;
And, in her tresses of gold arrayed,
She waits with me on the desert shore
Till thou shalt come out, fair Eleanore,
On the sea-girt sands.

O love, come out 'neath the twinkling skies,
And gaze far down through my burning eyes,
And see where the wings of waiting love,
With sun-bright plumes like the purple dove,
Are beating the bars of the secret door
Of my heart for thee, sweet Eleanore,
'Neath the twinkling skies.

O, love, come out by the sleeping sea.
Be worshipped by the stars and me.
I have a secret here to tell—
Thy heart already knows it well;
But thou shalt hear its melody
Re-echoed by the waves for thee,
By the sleeping sea.

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

My little daughter grows apace;
Her dolls are now quite out of date;
It seems that I must take their place.
We have become such friends of late
We might be ministers of state,
Discussing projects of great peril,
Such strange new questionings dilate
The beauty of my little girl.

How tall she grows! What subtle grace
Doth every movement animate;
With garments gathered for the race
She stands, a goddess slim and straight.
Young Artemis, when she was eight,
Among the myrtle bloom and laurel—
I doubt if she could more than mate
The beauty of my little girl.

The baby tresses from her face,
Leaving the lines more delicate,
Till in her features I can trace
Her mother's smile, serene, sedate.
'Tis something at the hands of fate
To watch the onward years unfurl
Each line which goes to consecrate
The beauty of my little girl.

ENVOY.

Lord! hear me, as in prayer I wait;
Thou givest all; guard thou my pearl;
And, when thou countest at the gate
Thy jewels, count my little girl.

FOURTH OF JULY AT DEL MONTE.

HOTEL DEL MONTE, July 7.—The week was a memorable one at Del Monte. Every night brought its dance, and every afternoon its entertainment. There is now every prospect of July being much gayer, and of August being still more so, when large contingents from New York arrive. The past week was indeed full of gayety—tennis, private suppers and dinners, musicals, four-in-hand drives, picnics, riding and bowling parties.

For a brief space Del Monte has been itself again, and blushing buds, delighted dowagers and merry matrons have participated in entertainments which realized the dreams of many.

THE TENNIS CONTEST.

The first tennis tournament for the championship of the Pacific coast took place on the courts of the Hotel del Monte. The contest was given under the auspices of the California Lawn Tennis Club. Valuable prizes to reward the victors were offered by the club, the Hotel del Monte and F. M. L. Peters.

There were fourteen entries for the singles and seven for the doubles. The umpires were M. S. Wilson, ex-President of the California Club, Dell Linderman, Walter McGavin and Mr. McPherson. There was little doubt expressed from the first that W. H. Taylor would gain the single and McGavin and Tobin the double championship, but two young men from San Luis Obispo came, like the great Twin Brethren to the battle of Lake Regillus, and for a time seemed as if they would carry away everything before them. But Kilgariff and Hoffman were too much for the San Luis Obispo champions, and the latter were in turn vanquished by the San Francisco team.

They are talking of a tournament at San Rafael during the season, which is just now opening there, and it would add greatly to the attractions of that much-favored spot.

The attendance throughout was most satisfactory, and the play all through was watched with much interest. The fine rallies, good returns and neat placing of the ball were generously and judiciously applauded.

The best match by all odds during the day was played by G. Vernon Gray and J. M. Kilgariff. Gray has the best service and is generally very graceful and active. He also plays very strongly from the rear court.

Kilgariff's service is quite quick, and he returns the ball with the greatest speed, and when near the net did his most effective playing.

The greatest interest was in the doubles between Walter McGavin and Joe Tobin against Taylor and Yates. Sometimes it would seem almost impossible for a difficult "smash" to be returned, but it would be done, to the surprise, as well as the delight, of all.

Taylor and Yates were the favorites with the betters, although it was expected that the match would be close, but McGavin and Tobin outdid themselves, their work being phenomenal.

The prizes were presented to the winners immediately after the tournament was ended.

TERPSICHOPE'S DEVOTEES.

The usual ball took place in the evening, and was simply a repetition of that of June 16th, save that the dresses were much richer, and the value of the diamonds worn that night would almost take away your breath should you hear it. Many of the dresses were made especially for the occasion.

Among those present were Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. W. H. Howard, Mrs. W. F. Goad, Mrs. John H. Maynard, Mrs. J. H. Pierce, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. Jerome Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. A. G. Spreckels, Mrs. Rich E. Ivers, Mrs. Ben C. Truman, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Miss Aileen Ivers, Miss Minnie Carroll, Miss Lillie Burns, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Ella Goad, Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Miss Shinn, Miss Block, Miss Jennie Hopkins, Miss Christine Bareda, Mrs. Lucy Arnold, the Misses Upson, Miss Marie Voorhies, Mr. and Mrs. S. Harrison Smith, Miss Gertrude Geowey, Mrs. and Miss Hayes, Miss Mamie Blethen, Miss Florence Pierce, Miss Grace Pierce, Miss Mamie Kohl, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Leslie Van Ness, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, Mrs. Peter Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Crockett, John E. De Ruyter, J. B. Casserly, Herbert Carolan, Osgood Hooker, R. L. Sherwood, M. S. Wilson, E. N. Bee, Fred H. Beaver, Charles A. Baldwin, Allen St. J. Bowie, Albert L. Stetson, George Macondray, Walter D. Dean, Will Macondray, Walter L. Dean, John M. Kilgariff, Arthur Vachell, Walter G. McGavin, Joe Tobin, and many others.

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERT.

The concert programme for this evening (Sunday) is as follows: "Coronation March," Meyerbeer; Valse Leute from "Silvia," Leo Delibes; grand selection, "Lucretia Borgia," Donizetti; gavotte, "Secret Love," Rese; duet, clarinet and cornet, "Martha," Ed Dowland and A. Rustenberg; march, comic, "The Passing Regiment;" cornet solo, "Once

Again," Sullivan, Prof. A. Rustenberg; "Heartsease," A. Rubenstein; "Belero la Gitana," L. Arditti; Idyl, "The Forget-me-not," Suppe; serenade, "Open Thy Lattice."

ON THE BEACH.

Fashion has stamped her approval on bathing at Monterey, which had been given over to the town's people, Pacific Grove folks and the excursionist, for so long, and now it is the thing to go down in the forenoon and dip, if only for form's sake. The fashionable girls are beginning to drive down to the sands and hold little receptions to the men they know in the water, or looking on from the beach.

Anglers are numerous here in the summer season. They go to the rocks at no great distance from the town with a rod, 600 feet of silk line and colossal patience. Suspecting the presence of a striped bass in the offing, they cast their bait upon the waters and do not haul it in until after many days, figuratively speaking, the rocks being a better place for fishing than they are for fish. At times, however, the angler is rewarded. The hero of the day is a former San Franciscan, now a resident of New York, who has caught not only a fish but a leviathan. It was a leviathan bass which, by the aid of a nickel, was found to weigh forty-two pounds. Those scales weigh everything. When the fish took the bait and started for Santa Cruz the angler's eyes fairly bulged. By the song of the reel and the strong twitches of the silk he felt certain that he had caught either an Atlantic cable or a submarine boat. The fish got winded at last, and the man hauled in. For an hour and a half he labored with great skill. Under a much greater strain than his line, he finally got the 42-pounder up to the rocks and a friend gaffed the monster. Dropping his rod, the captor plunged down the rocks, seized the fish in his arms and climbed back to the summit with his prize, feeling very much as Balboa did when he discovered the Pacific.

NEWLY REGISTERED.

The late arrivals at the Hotel del Monte include Miss M. Carroll, Richard Stahl, Percy Eyre, B. Rich, Alfred P. Reddington, Miss R. Rich, Mrs. Z. Del Valle, Mrs. Moses Hopkins, J. R. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Glenn, Miss Glenn, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Heller, Mrs. Kate E. Brown, Mrs. A. R. Cooley, Mrs. Walter H. Cook, F. H. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Whitely, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hewlett, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McGee, N. H. Castle, J. B. Crockett, William Pries, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wigmore, Miss Donahoe, Miss Coir, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gunn, Claud T. Hamilton, Ward McAllister, Miss A. B. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Fisher, F. H. Fisher, Lloyd Tevis, Miss Alice Grant, Warren D. Clark, Herbert Carolan, Charles C. Hoag, Arthur Glover, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Prentiss, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Brown, Dr. and Mrs. R. A. McLane, Horace G. Platt, H. T. Sailor, Martin Cheesman, Miss Dora Jones, Miss C. Jones.

THE SAUNTERER.

THE ROUND OF GAYETIES, BALLS, PICNICS AND FETES CHAMPETRES AT MONTEREY.

HOTEL DEL MONTE, July 14.—The delightful weather of the last week has been an important factor in keeping the unusually large number of guests now here.

The place became more lively during the past week, and in addition to the regular hops, out-of-door concerts, etc., there was a numerously attended picnic given by several prominent gentlemen, on Saturday last, at the new picnic grove, near Pebble Beach. Among them W. H. Howard, E. A. Bruguere, Louis B. Parrott and Horace L. Hill.

Soon after breakfast the large six-in-hand and several four-in-hand coaches and the private teams of Messrs. Howard, Hill, Parrott and Bruguere drove up to the Del Monte, and were soon filled with a joyous company.

A WELCOME FEAST.

Upon arriving at the picnic grounds they found that luncheon had already been prepared and was greatly enjoyed by the sixty guests. Champagne flowed like water and Ballenberg's orchestra discoursed delightful music the entire afternoon.

Of course the amateur photographer was present in the persons of Messrs. Wilson and Hooker. The company was artistically grouped among the rocks and bushes, and an excellent picture was taken. Before returning the party repaired to the bathing-house, and many refreshed themselves with a swim to the raft, which proved a pleasant finale to a delightful day.

A CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.

A few days later Charles Crocker gave a picnic to all the children staying at the hotel. Mrs. Lucy Arnold and Mrs. Joe Crockett kindly consented to take part, and so a good time for the little ones was insured.

Among those who attended the first picnic were W. H. and Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Lucy L. Arnold, Charles Crocker, W. F. and Mrs. Goad, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Louis B. and Mrs. Parrott, Miss Nellie McDowell, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Florence Pierce, Miss Ailene Ivers,

E. A. and Mrs. Brugiére, Miss Lucy Upton, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Annie Pierce, Miss Leslie Nan Vess, Miss Minnie Carroll, Miss Dora Boardman, Horace and Mrs. Hill, Miss Grace Pierce, Miss Clara Taylor, Miss Adelaide Upson, Mrs. W. P. Casey, J. B. and Mrs. Crockett, Judge Ogden Hoffman, C. O. Alexander, Cutler Paige, Neville Castle, Horace Vachell, Captain J. W. Dillenback, Perry P. Eyre, J. B. Casserly, M. S. Wilson, Judge Ward McAllister, Arthur Vachell, Osgood Hooker, J. H. Stuart, Frank Carolan, Miss A. R. Shinn, Mrs. Milton S. Latham.

GAMES AT CARDS.

Card-playing is greatly in vogue, and any number of clubs are formed to enjoy a good game of whist or euchre. Of course it is a question of skill between the contestants, as money is never staked upon the game in the ladies' cardroom.

THE DEL MONTE HOP.

There was the usual hop in the ballroom last night. The ballroom was partially filled with visitors representing the highest social class in San Francisco. The women, in beauty and intelligence, compared favorably with those of any other country, though some of the men were small of stature, with a perceptible pre-disposition to an early wig.

At the commencement a beautiful waltz echoed for a long time across the cool verandas before a single couple arose. Then two dancers, with grave decorum, ventured. As they circled about the shining floor another couple arose and then another. But about it all there was the grave hesitancy of young people rising at a revival meeting. After a time there were as many as five couples gracefully moving about the room. Ballenberg and his orchestra are at their best, but I would suggest that they play other than dance music at the morning and afternoon concerts, and that the ballroom should be properly ventilated.

PRESENT IN THE HALL.

Among those who are seen at the hops are: C. O. Alexander, Mrs. Lucy L. Arnold, Rev. and Mrs. James Adams, E. A. and Mrs. Brugiére, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, George C. and Mrs. Boardman, Miss Lora Boardman, W. E. Brown, Miss Jessie Bowie, the Misses Breeze, Judge H. D. Brown, W. P. and Mrs. Casey, James and Mrs. Carolan, Miss Evelyn Carolan, the Misses Carolan, Herbert Carolan, Frank Carolan, J. B. and Mrs. Crockett, W. H. and Mrs. Crocker, Charles H. Crocker, Morton and Mrs. Cheesman, Miss Jennie Cheesman, George Cheesman, J. B. Casserly, Neville H. Castle, Michael and Mrs. Castle, F. S. and Mrs. Chadbourne, B. E. and Mrs. Curtin of Boston, F. H. and Mrs. Cady, Peter and Mrs. Decker, Miss Alice Decker, F. S. and Mrs. Douty, Captain J. W. Dillenback, Miss Rose Donohoe, J. C. and Mrs. de la Vergne, Perry P. Eyre, Mrs. W. T. Ellis, Miss Hope Ellis, F. A. Erhet, Colonel and Mrs. P. A. Finnigan, J. W. and Mrs. Freeman, Miss A. Foster, Miss F. Foster, Judge Ogden Hoffman, Mrs. Moses Hopkins, Claude Terry Hamilton, E. R. and Mrs. Hedges, Miss Hedges, R. M. and Mrs. Hamilton, Miss M. Hamilton, Miss L. Hamilton, R. Hamilton Jr., Albert and Mrs. Gallatin, the Misses Goad, Mrs. George F. Glover, W. H. and Mrs. Howard, Ralph C. and Mrs. Harrison, Horace L. and Mrs. Hill, H. H. and Mrs. Hewlett, Paul Jarboe, Mrs. McM. Latham, Milton S. Latham, J. G. and Mrs. Kimball, John H. and Mrs. Maynard, Mrs. General McDowell, Miss Nellie McDowell, Ward McAllister, Miss McPherson, Mrs. John Martin, John Martin Jr., Miss Sophie McPherson, Miss Genie McLane, Mrs. R. A. Nicholl, Lieutenant Joseph S. Oyster, J. P. Pierce, Miss Annie Pierce, Miss Grace Pierce, Miss Florence Pierce, Louis B. and Mrs. Parrott, Mrs. A. J. Pope, Miss Mary Pope, J. Ruppert, Jr., J. V. Rhodes, A. W. and Mrs. Rose, Tom Robertson, Mrs. J. Green, W. Frank and Mrs. Goad, Miss Glover, R. A. Nicholl.

THE SAUNTERER.

THE FOURTH AT SANTA CRUZ.

SANTA CRUZ, July 7.—The announcement that Mrs. E. J. Swift would give the initial hop at the Pope House on last Tuesday evening caused quite a flurry of excitement in society circles, and although the time intervening between the announcement and party was brief, it gave all time sufficient to prepare for the social event. The spacious dancing-hall at the Pope was lavishly decorated for the occasion, and at 9 o'clock, when the grand march took place, a gathering of wealth, beauty and refinement was seen which is rarely concentrated at a party in Santa Cruz. Dancing was kept up until a late hour. A magnificent lunch was spread for the guests, and when the medley was played by the musicians regrets were expressed that the affair was over, and wishes entertained for a near repetition of a like enjoyable affair. The dresses of many of the ladies were elegant, and among which might be noted the following:

Mrs. E. J. Swift was charmingly attired in white surah satin, trimmed with Nile green brocade à la duchesse; diamond ornaments.

Miss Daisy Crowley looked handsome in a costume of white surah silk à la Grecque.

Mrs. Julius Bandmann was attired in gray surah satin, silver embroidery.

Mrs. Walter M. Castle appeared in lavender satin.

Miss Lily Jones was attired in white lace.

Mrs. Dr. O. O. Burgess appeared in blue satin, trimmed with black lace.

Mrs. Colonel Spalding wore a costume of black lace.

Miss Belle Henderson was dressed in white surah satin.

The following were among the many who were present on the pleasant occasion: Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Still, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bremer, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Berry, Dr. and Mrs. Bowie, Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Lundy, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Cope, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Fargo, Major and V. W. Gaskill, Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess.

Mesdames Russell, Julius Bandmann, Henderson, W. M. Castle, Colonel Stuart M. Taylor, Emmons, W. N. Hart, Colonel Spalding, M. E. Arnold, M. J. Flavin.

Misses Josie Edwards, Belle Henderson, Minnie Chace, Irene Bowen, Nellie McCord, Daisy Crowley, Jane Bowen, Tony Bandmann, Carrie Platt, Miss Kaseburg, Miss Friedlands, Lillie Jones, Sallie Thurman, Jessie McCormack, Minnie Foley, Miss Castle, Jane Walker, May Murphy, Miss Hernandez, Emma Arnold, Coia Skinner, Jennie Whiteside, May de Larnater.

Messrs. J. W. Featherston, J. C. Dunphy, General Walter Turnbull, Dr. George, J. R. Dwyer, Thomas Cole, General John McComb, R. C. Galvin, Z. Barnet, Percy Rothwell, H. C. Capwell, Captain Haskell, F. O. Hihn, Charles Stevens, Dr. Dodge, Colonel William A. Forsyth, W. A. Stinson, William Barton, E. S. West, Mr. Judge, Colonel Harry Brady.

SUBURBAN HOPS.

On Monday night a large party attended the dance at Boulder Creek, given in aid of the incorporation fund. The many campers up in the woods lent their presence to the occasion, and dancing was kept up until a late hour.

Soquel road was crowded with vehicles on Tuesday evening, containing a merry crowd who attended the party given by Mrs. Lewis at Capitola. Hasteys Bros.' band of sixteen members had been engaged, and the vast pavilion was crowded. Dancing was kept up until after midnight, and a most enjoyable occasion passed.

On the night of the Fourth both bath-houses were crowded with merry dancers, and the fun was kept up until after midnight.

Several fine turnouts belonging to the San Francisco contingent have made their appearance on the streets.

IN THE SURF.

Miss Mamie Gately indulges in long swims.

Mrs. Marie Barrace is one of the many fine swimmers who enjoy the huge breakers.

Miss Eva McAllister on Friday made the fastest swimming trip around the yachts.

Among the most graceful swimmers is Miss Carrie Platt.

Mrs. Yolland and Mrs. Hamilton of Stockton, are among the best swimmers on the beach.

Mrs. H. M. Martin swam from the mouth of the river to the rafts on Friday.

Many ladies and gentlemen go in the surf as early as 4:30 in the morning.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan is staying at Phelan Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Wash Marion are spending a few days in town.

Dr. Buckley of San Francisco, was down Sunday.

Miss Foley of San Jose, is the guest of Mrs. Jesse Cope.

Judge and Mrs. O. C. Pratt, of San Francisco, are stopping at the Pope House.

Dr. J. W. Keeney of San Francisco, is registered for a week at the Pope.

Vates C. Lawson and wife of the metropolis, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. A. Noble, near Soquel.

Colonel Charles L. Taylor, of San Francisco, made his regular Fourth of July visit to Santa Cruz.

J. M. White and wife, of New York, are the guests of James Phelan at Phelan Park.

Miss Miriam Wallace and Miss Maud Magee carry the Beach Hill swimming belts.

B. H. Baird and family, who have been occupying Mrs. Widson's cottage on Beach Hill, leave for home next Monday.

Charles Kenyon had quite a display of fireworks at the Seaside Home on the Fourth.

Thistledean cottage was crowded with friends over the Fourth.

Major and Mrs. Varney Gaskill, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Edwards, Miss Josie Edwards, Miss Sallie Thurman, Miss Jessie McCormack and H.

R. Capwell have been guests this week at Thomas L. O'Neill's Palm-tree cottage on Beach Hill.

There are about 600 guests at Capitola.

Camp Alhambra is well filled with guests.

Uncle "Jimmy" Phelan is seen daily on the beach, but as yet has not been seen in the surf.

General McComb returned to San Francisco Thursday.

Mrs. H. Brickwedel is spending a few days in Santa Cruz.

William Minto, United States Deputy Surveyor, is in town.

Colonel Forsyth returned home Thursday.

The Misses Enright of San Jose, are spending the summer in the city.

Miss Pinkie Phillips of San Francisco, is visiting friends in Branciforte.

Dr. Edward Payne of San Francisco, is staying at the residence of H. M. Terry.

Mrs. William Dunphy and Miss Jennie Dunphy will arrive at the Pope House this month.

Mrs. Thomas Keane of San Francisco, will spend the present month in a cottage on Beach Hill.

Mrs. Charles Volland and Mrs. J. Hamilton of Stockton, are occupying a cottage on Beach Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moore of San Francisco, are spending the mid-summer holidays in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. H. R. Green and Mrs. I. Brown of Denver, are spending the season with Miss Lillie Chittenden.

Abe Seeligsohn is at the Sea Beach Hotel.

Mrs. Joseph P. Beck of San Jose, is visiting her mother in this city.

Judge James I. Boland of San Francisco, is at the Seaside.

Mrs. J. V. Kelly and daughter, of San Francisco, are occupying a cottage on Beach Hill.

The Misses McKiernan, who are among the San Jose belles, are visiting friends in this city.

O. F. von Rhein of San Francisco, drove down from the metropolis, and will soon be joined by his wife.

The guests of the Sea Beach Hotel picnicked at Moore's Beach Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey of San Francisco, will arrive at the Pope House this month.

Among the late arrivals at the seaside during the week are Mrs. E. Bell, Henry Moffatt and son, Mrs. Charles Schroeder, Miss Lily Schroeder, Charles Schroeder, William A. Jones, A. H. Martin and son, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Williams, child and nurse, Mrs. Z. L. Tanner and family, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wallis, Miss Miriam Wallis, D. Brown, O. F. von Rhein and son, G. H. Pippy, Mrs. Howard S. Waring and family, O. C. Carroll, James I. Boland, M. G. Dewing and family, W. M. Carbery and wife, Miss A. B. Browne and Miss H. P. Stearns.

Mrs. Dr. E. L. Battelle, Mrs. Carrie McDougall, James Todd, D. B. Crane, Thomas Smith, M. C. Gorham and family, Thomas R. Horton, Mrs. F. A. Martin and son of San Francisco, and Mrs. H. M. Porter and family of Denver, are at the Sea Beach Hotel.

DANDY JIM.

NO MORE YOUNG MEN IN FRANCE.

[From the London Daily News]

A dissertation on the French youth of the day appears in a Paris paper, and is in great part a reproach. There are no more young men, laments the writer. These grave and solemn beings who take life so seriously and find so little joy in their youth cannot be called young men. They talk of deputations when they should be thinking about balls and pretty partners. Instead of inditing a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow, the modern young man contributes a paper to a political journal in which he elucidates the councils of Europe and gives his views upon them. He never descends to the frivolity of dancing. He marries money, and cares little whether the lady that goes with it be pretty or plain, young or old. He is insensible to all but the very practical issues of life. His heart beats in his brain and leaves his bosom cold. Can he be called young? There is nothing of youth about him but the superficial appearance of it. Another type of the unyouthful young man is he who dresses like an English groom, talks stables and racing, pigeon shooting and discusses the repertory of the music hall. His little soul begins with his tailor and ends in his cane. He is a heavy nullity, impervious to soft impressions and almost as devoid of brain as he is of heart. This is the gilded youth of France as sketched by a Frenchman. Have we nothing in England to match either type?

The Spitzfers had risen in the world, or at least their bank account had, and they were invited, or their money was, to a fine dinner party given by one of the old families, and they accepted. The first thing served was bouillon in small cups, and old Spitzfers involuntarily reached for the sugar, put in his four lumps, and lifted it to his lips, spoon and all. "Oh, Mary!" he said, to his wife, "what horrible tea; maybe milk will improve it, it is just there; to your left; pass it." She faints and the company are seized with coughing spells.

WAVELETS.

Polite, but absent-minded bather (to friend up to his neck in water) — "Oh Jones, very glad to see you. Won't you have a seat?" Jones declined the invitation.

The following is a true copy of a sign upon an academy for teaching in one of the Western States—"Freeman and Huggs, School Teachers. Freeman teaches the boys and Huggs the girls."

It was a Boston girl at Del Monte who rendered the old saying of the pot calling the kettle black, as follows:—"Until the soot is wiped from all hollow ironware it will be more prudent for each variety to preserve a dignified silence as to relative complexions."

The season is at its height when a man, who finds a twelve-room house and a half-acre of ground too small for him at home, will live with his family in a three-room shanty, surrounded by 1,000 feet of glaring sand and call it happiness.

Miss Maude de Croesus—"Now, tell me candidly, Major, have I any faults?" Major Batterby Sidestroke (impressively)—"Only one, dear Miss Maude—you are rich!" [And then she accepted him on the spot, don't you know?]

Over-heard in the park.—Fair Equestrienne—"You seem to know a great deal about married life, sir. Are you married?" Cubleigh (twirling his moustache)—"Well—aw, naw—nawt exactly, y' know, but—a—my father is."

She said it was a very bright idea. He said he knew a brighter one; and when she asked him what it was, he answered: "Your eye, dear." There was silence for a moment; then she laid her head upon the rim of his ear and wept.

"No," snappishly said the summer boarding-house keeper to Mrs. Culture, of Boston, who was inquiring as to the healthfulness of the locality, "no, we ain't got no typhoid germs, and there hain't been no calls for 'em either. Folks is wanting everything nowadays, and ain't satisfied with clean beds and plenty of what's good to eat."

Miss Dudley—"There is no object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in heaven." Miss Admirer—an old maid—"That's my view, exactly; in fact, I think there is nothing so beautiful as a young man, even if he isn't conscientious."

"Yes," said Mrs. De Hobson, "Clara had an excellent opportunity to visit Europe last year in the company of some friends; but I couldn't bear the idea of having the ocean between us." "It seems a pity, Mrs. Hobson," responded the caller; "an European trip does give such a tone to a society young lady." "I know it does. To those moving in the high circles that we do it is almost a necessity. I suppose," concluded Mrs. De Hobson, half regretfully, "that I should have let her went."

"I have made my will, dear," the sick man said to his wife, "and you will inherit everything unconditionally. But I have one last request to make, and that is that you do not marry again for two years." "How much is the property worth, John?" inquired the weeping lady. "About two thousand dollars." "Well, John," she said, "the thought that you may possibly die almost breaks my heart, but your last request shall be respected. I think I can accomplish it with economy."

THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

It is an old adage that "you can't squeeze blood out of a turnip," nor juice either out of many of those you find for sale. There is all the difference in the world in the nutrition one derives from good or from bad vegetables. You might eat a cart-load of the shriveled-up, dry, coarse and spongy kind, and you'd remain as thin as a rail, while good, nutritive vegetables make one fat as well as healthy. This is why the stalls Nos. 30 and 31 California market of Brown & Wells are so liberally patronized. Persons buying there once never go elsewhere thereafter, because they get there the worth of their money. At five o'clock in the morning may be seen the best people in the city, including all our hotels and boarding-houses, making their selections of green peas, string beans, onions, celery, asparagus, young sweet corn, radishes, cucumbers, lettuce, oranges, strawberries, cherries and indeed the whole list of fruits and vegetables that make life worth living. Brown & Wells certainly understand this business, and are now reaping the rewards of their experience. Drop in and see them.

DEL MONTE WAVE.

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BEN C. TRUMAN EDITOR AND MANAGER.

PACIFIC GROVE, - - - - - AUGUST, 1888.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

CALIFORNIA HOSPITALITY WELL EXEMPLIFIED BY A LEADING MERCANTILE FIRM.

[From the *San Francisco Chronicle*, July 21, 1888.]

The Bancroft building contributed its share towards the entertainment of the teachers, the Bancroft Company having kindly thrown open its large and elegant music-room to the Teachers' Aid Society of San Francisco, and also furnished rooms for the Yolo county (Cal.) delegates and the Michigan delegation.

They have also put forth their best efforts to entertain the teachers in every way, in supplying tickets to the panorama, making up theatre parties, and driving parties to the Park, Presidio and Cliff House. On Friday their party consisted of two four-in-hands and two rockaways—in all twenty-five or thirty were driven to the Presidio, Sutro Heights, Cliff House, Park and back again, leaving the Palace Hotel at 9 o'clock and returning in time for lunch. Another driving party will leave the Bancroft building at 1 P. M. to-day.

[From the *San Francisco Call*, July 22, 1888.]

The Bancroft Company has aided very materially in entertaining the teachers. They have placed their piano rooms at the disposal of the Teachers' Mutual Aid Society, and have furnished the Yolo and Michigan delegates with headquarters. The members of the firm have also put forth their efforts privately, and have supplied tickets to the panorama, and made up theatre and driving parties to the Cliff House and Park. Yesterday a party of twenty-five were driven in two four-in-hands and two rockaways to the Presidio, Sutro Heights, Cliff House and Park.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Bacon and Shakespeare in the sonnets. By H. L. Hosmer, 12 mo. cloth, \$1.50.

How we climb to the stars and the Lick Observatory. A lecture and guide book by the Rev. G. W. James, F. R. A. S. 8 vo. paper 25 cts.

The Wealth and Poverty of Nations embracing also the *Evolution of Industry* and its outcome. By W. N. Griswold, A. M., M. D., 8 vo. paper 75 cents, cloth \$1.25.

Published and for sale by the Bancroft Company, History Building, Market street, San Francisco.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Handbook of the Lick Observatory. By Edward S. Holden, LL.D., Director of the Observatory. 16 mo. 75 cts.

Gives all the information which will be of value to the many visitors to the Lick Observatory, which possesses the largest and most powerful telescope in the world, and which is situated in one of the wildest and most romantic portions of California. Besides the useful and necessary information of a mere guide-book, the work contains a sketch of the life of James Lick, the history of the Lick Observatory, the Great Lick Refractor, the principal observatories of the world, and interesting and popular accounts of the various astronomical instruments, and of the way in which they are made and used.

Nerve Waste. By H. C. Sawyer, M.D., 12 mo. paper 50 cents, cloth 75 cents.

Is a timely volume of practical information concerning nerve impairment and exhaustion in our heated, hurried, modern life. Causes, phases and remedies are given for the assaults on the nervous constitution which abound, as if by conspiracy, in our day. The author is an ex-surgeon of the United States Army and member of the Medical Soci-

ety of the State of California, and has the latest and most approved ideas of his profession, to the effect, for instance, that its office should be rather to care for the health than to cure the diseases of the community, to prevent sickness more than to medicate the sick. If the nervously afflicted cannot get relief by putting work in the place of worry, or of excessive pleasure, rest and good air and food in the place of foul air, excitement and high living, they may be aided so to do by such a sensible book as this, which is the next best thing, perhaps, to the sight and sound of a good doctor.

Hittell's Hand Book of Pacific Coast Travel. By John S. Hittell. 16 mo. cloth \$1.00.

A convenient, comprehensive and reliable guide for health and pleasure-seekers from the east. It describes the scenery and other advantages of the various routes hither from New York; discusses the climates and attractions of the various parts of California and the Pacific Coast, with a chapter on the Hawaiian islands; and gives valuable information about hunting, camping, distances, the expenses of travel, etc. A folding map of California and Nevada, on a scale of fifty miles to the inch accompanies the book.

A Guide Book to San Francisco. By John S. Hittell. 16 mo. cloth 50 cts.

An excellent compendium of information regarding this city and its environs. Through its aids the visitor is enabled to ascertain the points of interest and the places most desirable to see. The book is furnished with maps of the city and streets, and a table of distances and fares from San Francisco by the various inland and ocean routes.

For sale by all booksellers or sent by mail post paid, by the publishers, The Bancroft Company, History Building, Market street, San Francisco.

TALMAGE'S ELOQUENCE.

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF AN EVENING SERVICE IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

The first object that strikes the visitor to the Brooklyn Tabernacle is the immense organ. Promptly at 7:15 o'clock the organist runs his fingers over the ivory keys, and plays two or three selections. At the exact moment of 7:30 Doctor Talmage walks on the platform. His black broadcloth frock coat is thrown open. A turn-down collar encircles his neck and a black tie covers his snowy shirt front. He drops into a blue plush chair, and a moment is spent in prayer. Then he adjusts his glasses to his eyes and opens his Bible. The organ peals forth, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." A stout, well-built man steps on a small platform and waves his right hand. In his left he holds a silver cornet. This he puts to his mouth and leads the vast audience in song. There is no choir or quartette in the Tabernacle. The singing is entirely by the congregation. After this Doctor Talmage steps forward. The peal of the organ has hardly died away before he announces his Bible reading. He holds the good book in his right hand, close to his face. His left hand steals around to his back and clutches nervously at his coat-tail. He begins in a well-rounded but not musical voice. The vast audience is hushed in expectancy. The fall of a pin could be heard. Slowly the preacher proceeds. It is the ever delightful story of Ruth that he has selected. He reads sentence after sentence, and in a conversational way injects comments until the old story that all the world has laughed and cried over is invested with a new light and a new meaning. After this another hymn and then the collection. As the pennies, dimes and quarters jingle musically together in the collection boxes, the cornetist plays again. The great church is by this time full to overflowing. There isn't standing room anywhere. Massive chandeliers light up the building perfectly, and the stained glass windows make a pretty and effective background. Then the sermon begins. The preacher comes down to the front of the platform without notes or even a book in his hand. He doesn't use a table or pulpit. He stands alone. Every eye is on him. He gives out his text in a clear, loud, ringing voice, and repeats it twice. He usually begins the sermon by a hasty word picture of the scene where the text is laid, or by an anecdote. The sermon lasts forty minutes. It is full of vigor and earnestness. Indeed, that is the chief characteristic of Talmage on the platform. He is in earnest. He talks quickly, nervously. He paces up and down the platform, and now tells a story in a low, sweet voice, and again he belches forth like Vesuvius, and makes the chandeliers rattle with the sound of his voice. At times he is intensely humorous. Again, he has the audience in tears. Again, he is so dramatic that the conviction forces itself upon you that if he had taken to the stage, instead of the pulpit, he would have made a great actor.

"What words did the Master use when the winds and waves lashed Galilee into a fury?" he shouts.

He steps back a half-dozen feet, and for a moment there is silence.

Then he comes rushing down the platform like a tornado until he reaches the very edge. His hands are uplifted. He turns his face to the ceiling until his mouth is on a straight line with his ears, and in a pleading voice says, softly, musically: "Peace!"

Quick as a flash his hands come down. His face has lost its sweetness. His voice is changed and harsh, and the sentence is completed by an awful and intensely dramatic yell: "Be still!" It is the voice of authority. Galilee is stilled. There are "Ohs" in the audience, and a man in a pew in front of me leans over to his companion and whispers: "I never understood the meaning of that sentence before."

The vast audience never loses interest. It is an audience made up of fully two-thirds of men between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five. They belong to all walks of life. Some are students, others are actors and playwrights, young ministers, bankers, brokers, lawyers and storekeepers. They laugh at the anecdotes, and they cry and they listen reverently, tenderly, to the manly pleading to come to Jesus.

The preacher knows every lute string in the human heart. He draws magnificent pictures in words, but he never forgets to send home solid truths. It is like a panorama. The curtain is rising and falling on resplendent pictures. They dazzle the listeners. The eye is soothed and the ear charmed. The big clock in the rear of the church points to nine. Not a soul moves. The sermon is nearly over. Look! the last picture is shown! It is Gethsemane! There is the Mountain, the Cross and the Saviour of Men!

SCHOOL TEACHERS AT DEL MONTE DURING THE LAST WEEK OF JULY.

N. G. Strause, Mrs. Martin Sache, Miss Fanny Sache, Henderson, N. C.; Jacob S. Green, Mary A. Green, Anne S. Green, Hellerton, Pa.; Mrs. R. C. Weave, Coopersburg, Pa.; G. D. Blair, Spruce Creek, Pa.; D. L. Hamaker, Chambersburg, Pa.; J. S. Gingrich, J. F. Reist, Lancaster, Pa.; Annie Roteck, Emma Henry, Ella M. Jones, Lucia B. Cole, L. L. Collver, Harris R. Coolcy, Cleveland, O.; Mr. and Mrs. A. Michael, Boston, Mass.; R. W. Tansill and wife, Mrs. George Huestis, R. W. Tansill, Jr., child and nurse, Chicago; Wm. A. Goodwyn and wife, Miss M. McGavock, Nashville, Tenn.; Louis B. Farley, W. S. Woolsey, Alabama; J. E. Bivens, Ga.; F. S. Barker and wife, Miss Cooke, Sandusky; Ben Wheeler, two daughters and son, Chattanooga, Tenn.; W. B. Cohnore and servant, A. Tatham, Fred Verrall, London, Eng.; Neal T. Murray, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. F. Steinhauer, Bertha Steinhauer, Mrs. F. Schirmer, Denver, Col.; Miss J. E. Schaeffer, Miss H. J. Galbraith, Miss H. M. Cosc, Minneapolis, Minn.; Miss H. Mann, Clairmont, Minn.; Chas. A. Long, wife, maid and three babies, Miss Maggie R. Taylor, Duluth; J. T. Tedrol, Indianapolis, Ind.; T. Rislz, Medici, Pa.; D. J. Scott, J. P. Eldridge, Westchester, Pa.; Miss M. E. McCormack, Eugene City, Or.; D. Greene and wife, Troy, N. Y.; J. H. Boulter and wife, Spokane Falls; Misses Sproule, (3), Miss Mackay, St. Louis; F. S. Hickman, W. M. Hayes and wife, M. R. Travilla and wife, G. M. Phillips and wife, Westchester, Pa.; D. B. Miller, wife and son, Lewisburgh, Pa.; A. P. Reid and son, Mr. E. D. Embree, Westchester, Pa.; Mr. J. F. Miller, Mrs. A. F. Cummings, Miss M. E. Thornley, J. L. Perkes, Salt Lake City; F. W. Hoe, Columbus, Ohio; F. L. Phillips, Scranton, Pa.; Chas. Ryan, Springfield; H. K. Cooning, New York; C. E. Hochstetler and wife, J. J. Hochstetler and wife, Celia Burgut, C. G. Perrin and wife, Kansas City; A. R. Kerney, Westchester, Pa.; Miss Jennie Miller, Miss Mary Haron, Mrs. Dr. J. K. Weaver, Miss Mary Stahr, Miss S. S. Freedley, Miss Mary Thomas, Mrs. R. Wheeler, Norristown, Pa.; Miss Baker, Jenkintown, Pa.; Mr. E. C. Amer, Mr. J. G. Kline, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Philadelphia, Pa.; F. H. Kent, wife and daughter, H. N. Jaffa, wife and three children, Albuquerque, N. M.; J. W. Wentworth and wife, New York City; Miss M. L. Jacobs, Norristown, Pa.; E. Stephens, H. Ensign, Jr., J. R. Walker, Charlie Walker, Salt Lake City; C. P. Cocks, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Musgrove and daughter, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Elda A. Simpson, Miss A. Simpson, Miss I. E. Simpson, Mrs. E. J. Knowlton, Reno, Nev.; R. Hammond, London; Mrs. A. J. Buckley, Miss E. L. Jones, Miss L. E. Morse, Brooklyn, N. Y.; O. W. Chandler, Boston; J. Aubrey and wife, Denver; E. O. Silver and wife, Boston; T. D. Anderson, Providence; Miss E. M. Brown, Woburn, Mass.; Miss S. C. Allen, W. Newton, Mass.; M. V. Risk, Mich.; W. B. Dougall, Jr., W. Crosscall, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Dennis Bright, Danville, Penn.; Mrs. G. A. Lord, Cleveland, Ohio; Dr. W. H. Kimberline, Kansas City; G. A. Howard, wife and child, Cincinnati; Laden Royal, Portland, Oregon; W. H. Shelley, York, Pa.; Mrs. and Miss M. L. Roome, A. Weiss, Miss Schloss, New York City; W. H. Denniston, wife and child, J. C. Watt and wife, H. L. Mason, wife and child, Pittsburg, Pa.; H. C. Morris, Olean, N. Y.; J. M. and Mrs. Streeter, New York; Wm. Fogarty, Chicago; W. I. Twitchell, Hartford, Conn.; F. W. Osborn, J. W. Abernethy, Brooklyn; Mrs. A. Eiscmann and baby, Miss Lulia Powers, Albuquerque, N. M.; Miss Mary Hartmann, Normal, Ill.; H. M. Hanmore, New York; J. W. Nesbitt, H. S. Oster, Mr. and Mrs.

Nesbitt, Canada; G. L. Fox, New Haven, Conn.; G. W. Von Utassy, Philadelphia, Pa.; W. F. Arnold, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mrs. H. G. and Miss G. Howe, Tombstone, Arizona; E. C. Hewitt and wife, Normal, Ill.; P. O. Fazende and wife, New Orleans; J. W. Carr and wife, Newark, N. J.; S. H. Jerome, New York; Miss C. E. Hayner, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss R. C. Darlington, Westchester, Pa.; Mrs. Lily Devercuse and Miss K. Blake, New York City; Mrs. May Rogers, Dubuque; Dr. J. M. Harding and wife, Nashville, Tenn.; S. H. Coward, Miss Mary Mallory, Pope Taylor, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Vason and daughter, Augusta, Ga.; H. M. Scales, Miss.; Frank and Misses Mary and Enima Moblett, Miss M. B. Ross, Lincoln, Ill.; M. Herr and family, Denver, Colo.; E. P. McCormack, Salem, Or.; J. N. Teal, Portland; Miss M. E. Gilmore, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SPLASHES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

As a mother was arraying her squalling infant in its richest robes, its little brother exclaimed, "If here ain't a fancy dressed bawl!"

A smart youngster, on hearing his mother remark that she was fond of music, exclaimed, "Then why don't you buy me a drum, mama?"

A boy who was told to confine himself to strong physical diet, took to soda water, as he thought that was the most *physical* thing he knew of."

The little daughter of a clergyman, on being asked if he ever preached the same sermon twice, replied, after a moment's thought, "Ycs, I think he does, but I think he hollers in different places."

The "Daisy Train" had just rolled into the station, and Charley stood listening to the sound of escaping steam. Then turning to his father, he said, "Papa, the engine's all out o' breath, ain't it?"

"Why, Sammy," said a father to his little son, "I didn't know your teacher whipped you." "I guess," replied Sammy, "if you'd been in my trousers you'd know'd it!"

Some one gave little Augustus two toys. "I'll give this one to my dear little sister," he said, showing the largest. "Because it is the prettiest," said his delighted mother. "No," he replied, "'cause it's broke."

"Are you brothers?" asked a gentleman of two little boys. "Yes, sir." "Are you twins?" "Yes, sir." "How old are you?" "Amos is three, and I'se five," was the astonishing answer.

"Don't you wish you was a big man?" said one little urchin to another. "K'rect I do, I'm just dyin' to be big enough to get shaved, an' have one of 'em barbers powder me all over an' squirt cologne juice at me," was the reply.

A schoolboy read that "the Duke of Wellington was always coolest when on the point of attack," exclaimed, "Well by gun! He must be a queer fellow. I never saw a chap that was coolest when on the point of a tack!"

A certain gentleman recently lost his wife, and a young miss of six, who came to the funeral, said to his little daughter of about the same age, "Your papa will marry again, won't he?" "O, yes," was the reply, "but not until after the funeral."

A little fellow turning over the leaves of a scrap-book, came across the well-known picture of some chickens just out of their shell. He examined the picture carefully, and then, with a grave, sagacious look, slowly remarked, "They came out 'cos they was afraid of being boiled."

On a rainy morning a small boy, who had exhausted all his excuses for not putting in an appearance at school, opens the door and says to the astonished master, "Sir, my ma says I can't come to school to-day, it's raining too hard."

An observing five-year-old boy inquired of his mother, "Do men love tobacco, mama?" "I think not," she replied. "Well, I thought they didn't," responded the youngster, "for after they take a bite I see 'em keep trying to spit it out."

"Will the angels come down for me in a chariot and horses when I die?" asked a little boy of his Sunday-school teacher. "I guess so, if you are real good," said the teacher. The little fellow's eyes sparkled with anticipation as he eagerly exclaimed, "And oh, do you think they'll let me sit on the front seat and drive?"

MORE GOOD OPINIONS OF DEL MONTE.

A. DAVIS, Gen. Supt. Quebec Division Canadian Pacific Railway Co.—We shall never forget Monterey and its matchlessly beautiful Hotel del Monte. We cannot express our admiration for the magnificent and paradise-like grounds about the hotel and the seventeen-mile drive. We were favored with very fine weather, and after having seen most of the civilized world, both in Europe and on the continent of America, I am obliged to say Del Monte is the most superb and the most beautiful place I have ever seen.—With its heavenly climate, which is so invigorating and pleasant to live in, I cannot help but think of it daily since my return. I am really feeling blue after having been through your country. The climate of California, and especially of Monterey, is so magnificent and enticing that I fear very much it will be a long time before I can again be satisfied with Canada.

EDWIN BOOTH.—This is the brightest, cleanest and prettiest place I have ever seen. Nothing can compare with it.

JOSEPH PULITZER, editor and proprietor *N. Y. World*.—The charms of the hotel and climate at Monterey have not been exaggerated—they cannot be. Del Monte has no equal.

HON. BEN WOOD, editor and proprietor *N. Y. News*.—I should never have believed that such a beautiful place existed, had I not come out and seen for myself.

THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBURY.—There is no place in the world so beautiful and attractive as the Hotel del Monte and its gardens, and its seventeen-mile drive. Nature and art have done the best they could together.

DON CAMERON.—I got great relief while in California. Its winter climate is lovely, and spicy, and healing. California abounds in charms and surprises, and its greatest, and the one we shall remember the longest, is the Hotel del Monte at Monterey.

The late GENERAL GEO. B. McCLELLAN.—I shall never cease to think of the beauties of the Hotel del Monte and its lovely grounds.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.—I have never been so fascinated with a place as with Del Monte, and my only regret is that I could not have staid longer. I shall never forget any of its beauties or other attractions, the hotel itself, the grounds, the flowers, the lawns, the trees, the seventeen-mile drive, and the delicious warm salt-water baths at the pavilion. Who ever could forget such a fairy spot?

MARY E. BLAKE, in "*On the Wing*."—The three or four days we spent at Monterey made altogether the pleasantest memory we had of California. The place itself is hard to classify because of its exceeding loveliness. We have nothing at home that approaches the exquisite setting of this exquisite house. The Pacific, all along this coast, wears constantly that dazzling sapphire blue, which we see at home only at special times; the sky carries out the same superb color with a glow and depth of sunshine superadded, which is almost too brilliant for belief.

"George, who is your family physician?" "Dr. Smoothman." "What, that numbskull? How does it happen you employ him?" "Oh, it's some of my wife's doings. She went to see him about a cold in her head, and he recommended that she wear another style of bonnet. Since that she won't have any other doctor."

"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said the teacher; "what kind of riches is meant?" And the smart bad boy at the foot of the class said he "reckoned they must be ostriches." And the only sound that broke the ensuing silence was the sound that a real smart bad boy makes when, without saying so in just so many words he seeks to convey—and usually does convey—the impression that he is in great pain.

A blank crop report was sent out by a paper for the farmers to fill out, and the other day one of them came back with the following written on the blank side in pencil—"All we've got in this neighborhood is three widders, two school-ma'ams, a patch of wheat, the hog cholera, too much rain, about fifty acres of taters, and a durn fool who married a cross-eyed gal because she owns eighty sheep and a mule, which the same is me, and no more at present."

"Oh, my child, how did your face become so bruised? Come to mama and tell her all about it." "I—I—I was over 'cross the r-o-a-d playin' with Mrs. Howe's little g-i-r-l—boo-hoo-oo-oo!" "And did she hurt you like this?" "Y-y-y-e-s." "Well that was very naughty of her. What did she do to little Georgie?" "Sh-sh-she knocked me do-o-w-n, an-an-and then she hit m-e wi-with a b-r-i-c-k, and pounded me wi-with a b-r-o-o-m-s-t-i-c-k." "Oh, dear! What a terrible child! Well, don't cry any more, Georgie. What were you doing when this happened?" "Pl-pl-playin' w-we w-a-s m-a-r-r-i-e-d!"

FUN FROM MANY SOURCES.

Old man (from the floor above)—Is that young man still in the parlor, Clara? Young man (nervously)—Yes, sir; but he is trying to get away.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Bostwick (who has been pleasantly refused)—"Is this final, Miss Daisy?" Miss Daisy (who is coy)—Y-yes, excepting that I always add a postscript." (And he got her.)—*Tid-bits*.

Browns—Gad, Jack, what do you want of that sheet of postage stamps? Why, you've got 100 there! Joans—Well, you see, I've just completed a poem, and I may—er—send it to more than one paper.—*Town Topics*.

Wife—You say you shot this duck yourself, John? I can find no marks on it. Husband (who hadn't thought of that)—Well—er—my dear, the bird was very high up, you know, and perhaps the fall killed it.—*Life*.

Young Featherly (waiting for Miss Clara)—"And so your sister expected me to call this evening, did she, Bobby?" Bobby—"Yes sir, I guess she did. I heard her tell ma that she had set the clock an hour ahead."—*Texas Siftings*.

Judge (to small boy on witness stand)—"Little boy, do you know where you'll go to if you swear to what is not true?" Small boy—"Yes sir; I'll go to the Legislature. That's what my pa did."—*Washington Critic*.

"Good-by wifey; if I am detained by business and not able to come home to dinner, I'll send you a telegram." Wife (frigidly) You needn't take that trouble. Here it is. I took it out of your pocket a while ago.—*Texas Siftings*.

Young wife (exultantly)—I made that pound cake myself, darling. Husband (hefting it)—Is that so? Young wife—Yes, darling, what do you think of it? Husband—I think, dear, you have made a mistake in the name. It ought to be ton cake.—*Washington Critic*.

"See here, neighbor, do you know that this duet playing on the piano by your daughters is getting to be quite tiresome? Can it be checked in some way?" "I'll tell you what to do—marry one of them. That will put a stop to it directly."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Magistrate (to prisoner arrested for assault)—You admit, then, that you pulled your landlord's nose? Prisoner—Yes. Magistrate—Don't you know that you had no right to do that? "No, sir; if I had no right to pull his nose he would have had it down in the lease."—*N. Y. Sun*.

Rafferty—If ye plaze, sor, will yez tell me phwat is the name av that thin ould man in the sejer clothes? Wiggins—Oh, that's Von Moltke the greatest fighter in the world. "Come off, come off, will yez! How can a little dhried-up ould Doochman loik that stand up a minute with John L. Sullivan?"—*Texas Siftings*.

Mr. Ham (the tragedian)—"I think that the advice which Hamlet gives the player is unequalled. There is nothing the theatrical profession should give more heed to." Friend—"Any better, Hain, than the advice, 'When the whistle blows look out for the locomotive?'"—*N. Y. Sun*.

Condemned Criminal—"Is the scaffold in good order?" Sheriff—"I believe it is." "And is the rope going to work all right?" "Certainly." "There won't be a hitch of any kind, then?" "Not a hitch." "That's just my luck; the newspapers won't give me more than half a column unless I die in horrible agony."—*Nebraska State Journal*.

Bjones—Ah, Witticus, good morning! You are looking blue; what's wrong? Witticus—Nothing very wrong. I made \$150 writing paragraphs last week. Bjones—I wouldn't be blue at that. Did you ever make as much as that before? Witticus—No; but it makes me feel as if I were overworking myself. I ought, by rights, to be tired; but I'm not, and I'm afraid something is wrong.—*Harper's Bazar*.

"So you've been fishing this afternoon instead of going to school, I hear?" said the old man, as he seated himself at the table, and glared birch rods at the boy. "Never mind, sir; you just wait until after supper. What have you got here, wife? I'm hungry as a wolf." "Brook trout, pa," hastily explained the boy; "I caught 'em." "That so?" said the old man, as he helped himself liberally. "But you mustn't neglect your education, my dear little boy; that will never do, you know."—*Epoch*.

THINGS CONCERNING WOMEN.

Let us have this thing clearly understood. The cigarette girl needn't go, but her picture must.

Woman is mortally afraid of a mouse, they say, but a mouse-tache don't scare her a bit.

The ideal wife gets out of bed, lights the fire, and has the breakfast prepared before she calls the ideal husband.

An Eastern paper says that a young widow in that vicinity who writes well, "is training herself for an editor." Who is the editor she is training herself for?

"How cruel and heartless people must be who kill these poor little pigs," remarked a lady who was dining off a sucking pig. "Pretty, innocent little things! May I trouble you for a little piece more crackling, please."

Fogg—"Fine looking girls those Turnbells are." Bogg—"Yes. Met 'em in the street to-day, and actually didn't know 'em," Fogg—"That's funny; you've met 'em at every ball this year." Bogg—"Yes, but I'd never seen 'em dressed before."

"Are your coats padded?" asked Angelina, as her head reposed gracefully on William's manly breast. "No; why do you ask?" he inquired, fondly. "Because they are so much softer than Martin's coats, or John's either, for that matter." The engagement is broken.

Guest—"Can't we compromise this matter?" Host—(whose daughter is sitting at the piano and about to murder "The Storm")—"What do you mean?" Guest—"Why, this musical treat your daughter is about to give us. You stay here; I will go outside till the storm is over."

"How did you come to get married?" asked a man of a very homely friend. "Well, you see," he replied, "after I had vainly tried to win several girls that I wanted, I finally turned my attention to one that wanted me, and then it didn't take long to arrange matters."

Willie—"Tessie, my yacht lies there. Say, will you now fly with me to distant lands?" Tessie—"How silly you do talk, Willie. How can I fly without wings? If you want to marry, say so, and have done with it."

"There is one thing about a kiss," said a gentleman to his wife, "that makes life very dear to us men." "Oh I know what it is," was the reply; "it's a pair of pretty lips." "Yes, indeed, and the satisfaction a man has of knowing that the lady's mouth is tightly closed for a short time."

The following testimonial of a certain patent medicine speaks for itself: "Dear Sir—Two months ago my wife could hardly speak. She has taken two bottles of your 'Life Renewer,' and now she can't speak at all. Please send me two more bottles. I wouldn't be without it for the world."

The other day some poor fellow married a somewhat *passé* beauty, and one of his former acquaintances inquired of another how the newly-wedded pair were getting on. "Very indifferently," was the reply. "She's always blowing him up." "I'm not surprised at that," said the first, "Look at the amount of powder she carries about her."

"You put your foot in it nicely to-night," said Mrs. Sweetsdeech. "How is that?" asked her husband. "When you told Mrs. Fourthly that you were sure her husband would never go the way he sent other people." "Well, and what of that?" "Why her husband is a preacher." "Great Scott! I thought he was a sheriff."

The London *Pun* says: Among the barmaids of the English restaurant at the last International Exhibition at Paris was one especially pretty girl, whom the Parisian "mashers" of that period dubbed "*Chique Betsy*." Thinking to pay her a compliment, one of them said: "Do you know, mademoiselle, that you speak French like an angel?" "I beg your pardon, monsieur," replied she, "the angels speak English!"

He (awfully spooney)—"Oh Miss Brown—Angelina, if I may call you so—you have lighted a flame in my heart which is consuming me, and which will utterly destroy me if you will not promise to become my wife!" She—"You need not be in the least alarmed I can assure you, Mr. Tomkyns!" He (delighted)—"Then you reciprocate my passion, and I may hope!" She—"Oh no, Mr. Tomkyns! what I meant was that I am sure you are much too green to burn, so that I need not be afraid of any flame whatever!"

A lazy countryman, with the bibulous propensities of Rip Van Winkle, was persuaded by his wife to take his useless dog to the nearest market-town and sell him, as he cost as much to keep as a couple of pigs. Josh accordingly retired early one morning, and returned in the evening very "full up," but without Towzer. "Woife," he said, "I've sold thic there dorg." "Hav'ee, indeed?" she ejaculated, brightening up at the good news, "I'm dreadful glad on it; how much did ye get?" "Matter o' ten dollars," mumbled the old man. "Ten dollars! What, for one dorg?" chuckled the wife, "baint I glad; that'll a'most set me oop wi' winter clothes. Where's the money, Josh, me darlin'?" "Money!" said Josh, slowly shifting his pipe to the other corner of his mouth, "I didn't get no money; I took two bull-terrier pups, at five dollars apiece."

Scene, (Examination in Mental Science.)—Professor—"How do you know that you know anything?" Senior—"I don't know."

Professor—"What method does man employ to express his thoughts?" Scholar (after mature deliberation)—"He habitually employs speech." Professor—"Right; but when he cannot employ speech, what does he do, eh? Scholar—"He——" Professor—"See here! Suppose you were a hundred miles away from some one you wanted to say something to, what then?" Scholar—"I would—I would——" Professor—"Suppose you had to announce to your father that you had been plucked—had failed in your examination—what would you do, eh? How would you announce it?" Scholar—"Oh, I'd write him a letter." Professor—"Go and write him one, then."

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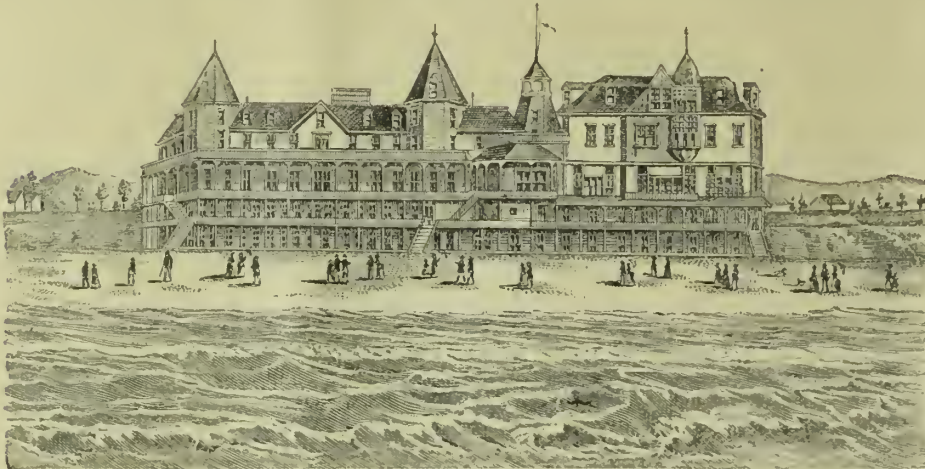
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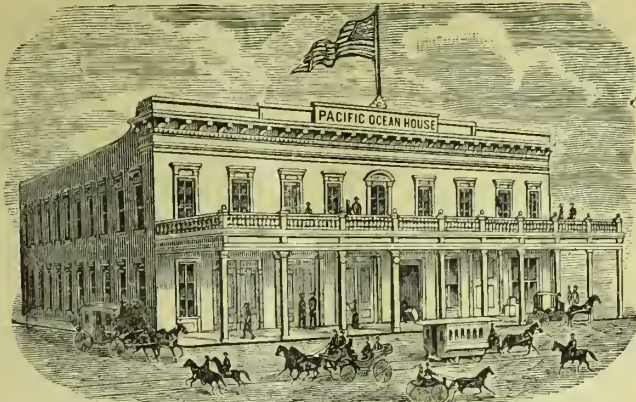
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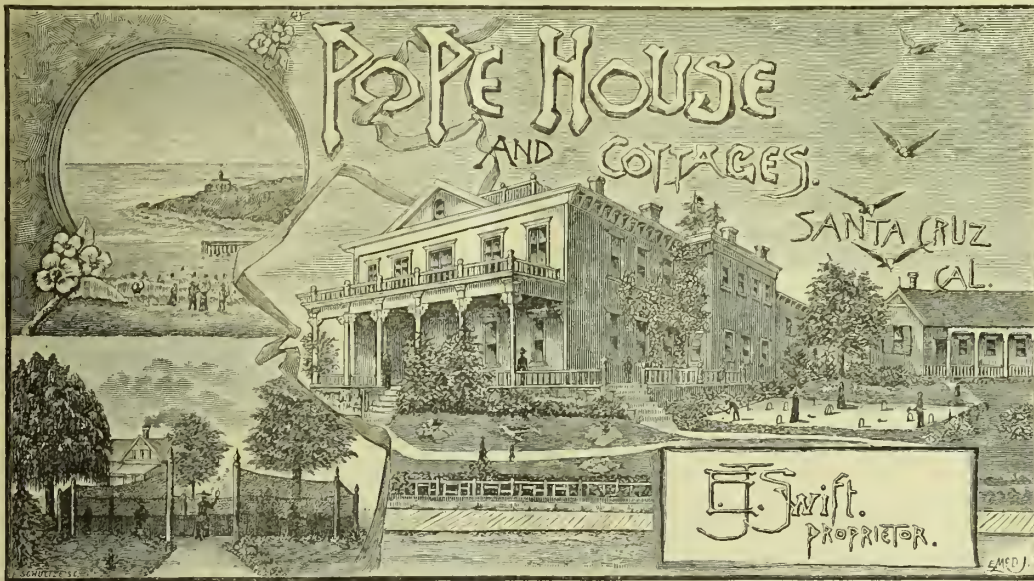
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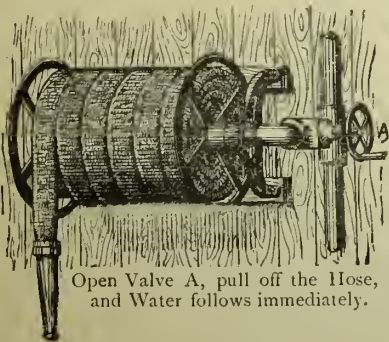
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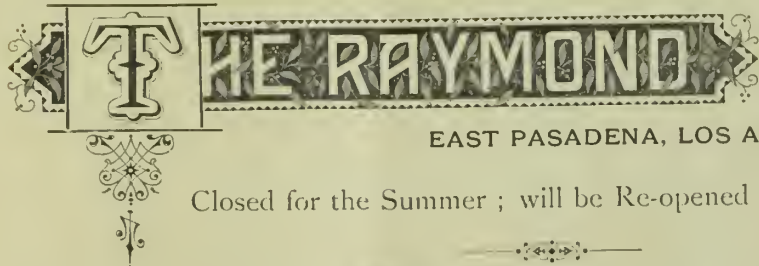
Sworn Statement of the condition of The Farmers' and Merchants' Bank of Los Angeles, at the Opening of Business on July 1, 1888.

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Cash on hand.....\$1,499,858.17
Cash with Banks in San Francisco, New York, Chicago, London and on Call...961,467.15
Total available Cash\$2,461,325.32
United States 4 per cent. and other Government bonds 302,461.53
Stocks and State and County Warrants.....127,398.60
Loans and Discount.....2,441,989.21
Real Estate, Vaults, Safes and Office Furniture....9,687.25
\$5,345,861.91

LIABILITIES

Capital, (paid up).....\$ 500,000.00
Surplus and Reserve Fund.....500,000.00
Undivided profits.....218,600.42
Due depositors4,122,036.49
Dividends (declared and unclaimed for).....5,225.00
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A cross old bachelor suggests that births should be announced under the head of new music.

"Who is that grim, sad man, papa,
Who wildly glares through space,
With tumbled hair and drooping jaw
And gaunt, cadaverous face?"

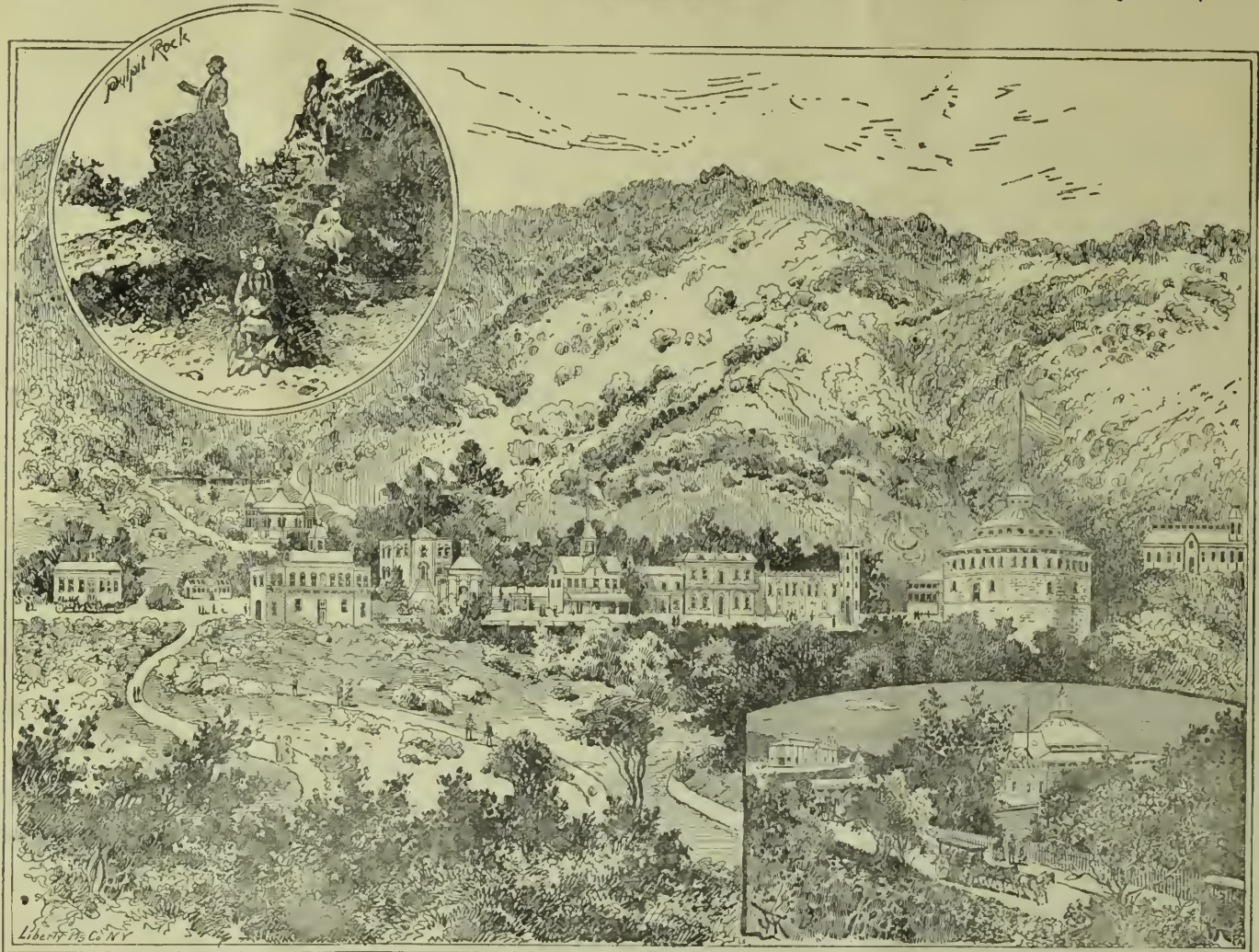
"It is a worn-out funnyman
Who vainly strives, my son,
Before he dies to incubate
His last and millionth pun."

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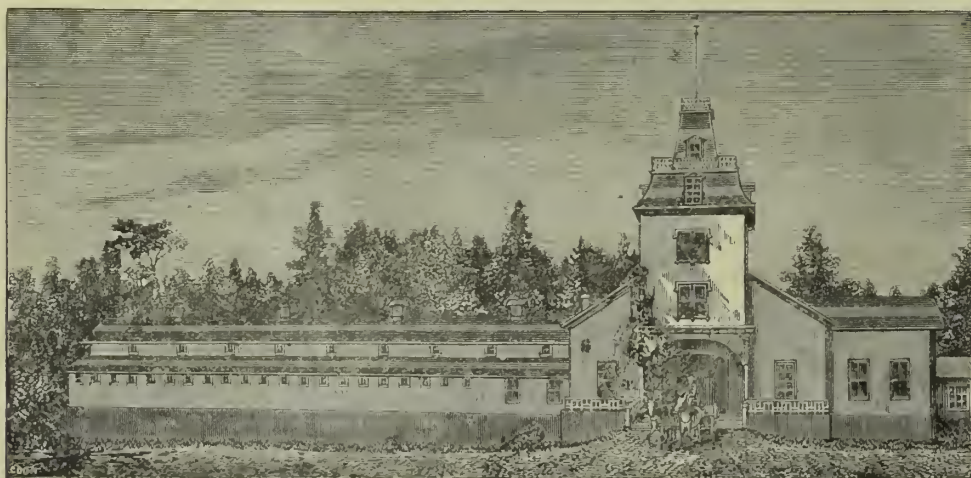
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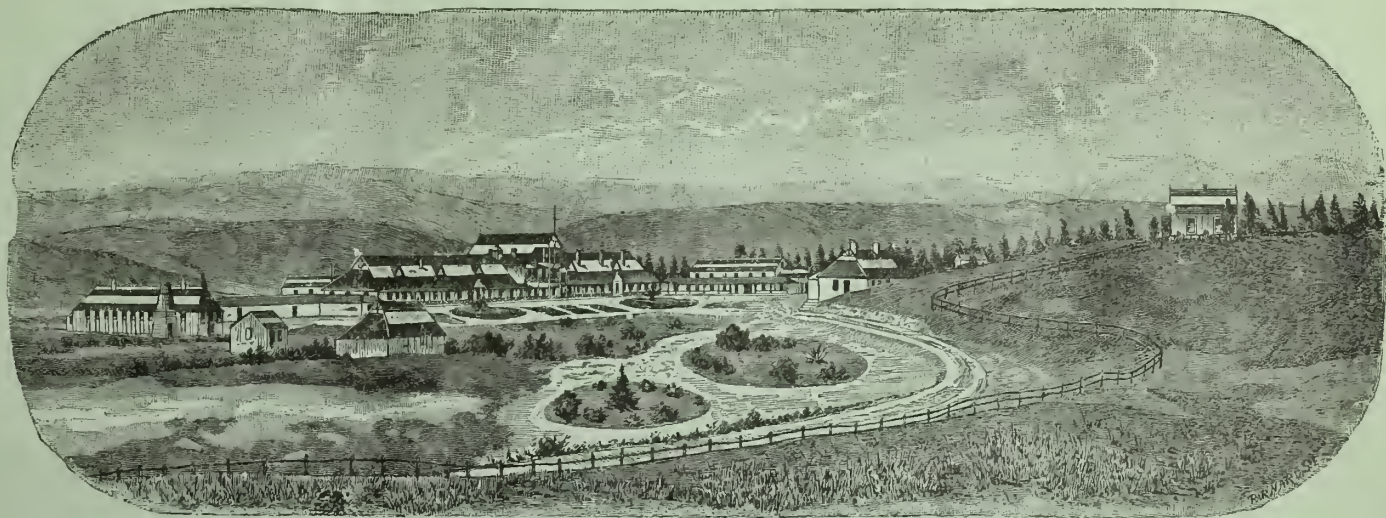
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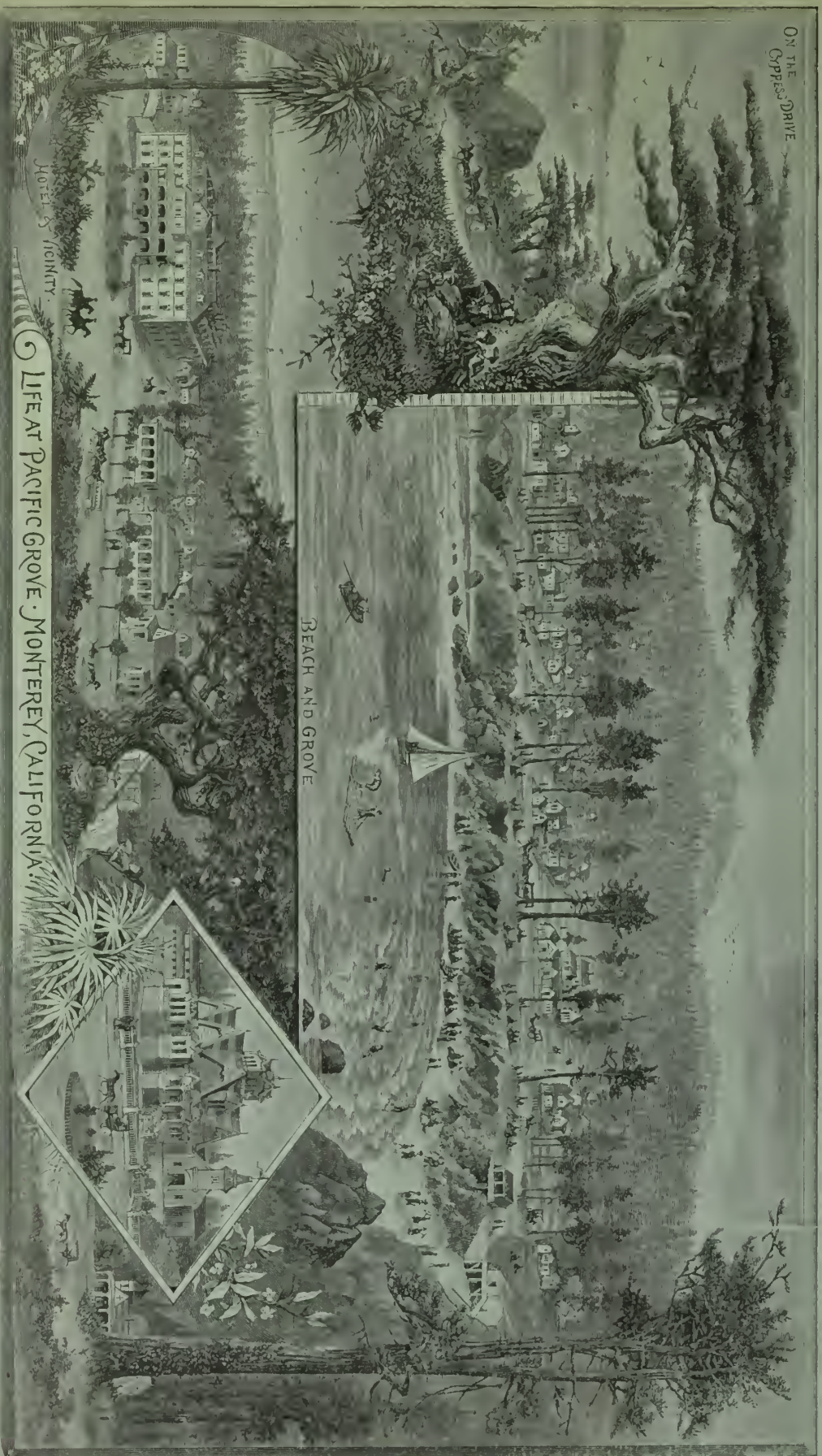
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A well-known Physician, of large practice, who recently visited Byron Springs, expressed himself as follows: "Its location, as regards distance (68 miles from San Francisco) and climate, makes the place especially desirable as a Winter Resort for Invalids, and in that respect has no equal on the Pacific Coast."

EL CARMELO

PACIFIC GROVE, MONTEREY CO., CAL.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND



It has been the aim of the designers and builders of "EL CARMELO" to present something in modern architecture more the result of inspiration than of mechanical skill or taste; both of which, however, have entered largely into the plans of the projector. The site of "El Carmelo" has been happily chosen, and the new and pretty caranary stands pretentiously upon the main entrance into Pacific Grove, and looks out upon the boulevard known as the Light House Road in front, and upon the broad Pacific from its rear. It is embowered amidst towering pines and aromatic shrubs and grasses which give forth perennial breaths and spices, and stands upon an exquisite plot in the upper centre of the Grove, from which drives and walks radiate in many delightful directions. There are also pretty chalets and lodges all around, embroidered with floral designs - which betray the presence of the refining hand of woman, and little artistic conceits on every hand.

The architectural proportions of "El Carmelo" seem a happy medium between the modern Gothic and severe Brownesque, and are inviting, inasmuch as they suggest capacity, beauty, comfort and safety. It seems to have been the

aim of the architect to erect a lovely home in the woods, where the balsamic odors from the pines and the ozone from the sea should mingle with atmosphere and sunlight at all times and at all points. At a glance, indeed, one can see that fresh air and sunshine may enter into and chase each other over every part of the house. And, we may state, right here, that great pains have been taken that no impurities shall arise to counteract the aggregation of good things believed to have been arrived at, as the freshest of Carmel river water has been introduced into every apartment, and a sanitary system of plumbing has been carried into effect that shall instantaneously sweep into the sea all sewage matter and leave not the slightest vapor or odor behind. "El Carmelo" is lighted with gas manufactured on the premises, and an elevator of the newest and most improved pattern has been introduced. It is three stories (and an attic) high, and has a frontage of something over two hundred feet. It has one hundred and fourteen rooms and will accommodate from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five people. Beside the elevator there are three broad staircases, and there are many means of entrance and exit.

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